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SPECIAL FOOTBALL NUMBER.

All the News of the Week in Pictures.

HOP-PICKERS' RAID.

Many hundreds of hop-pickers have been practically starving in Kent owing to scarcity of work. Last week a party of starving men and women at Wateringbury raided a baker's cart belonging to a local tradesman named Smith, and stole fifty loaves of bread. Mr. Smith was driving along the main road between the cemetery and Hermitage Farm when he was stopped by the hoppers, who demanded bread, as their children, they said, were starving. He was about to drive away when a number of men surrounded the vehicle, broke the top rail of the van, and seized the bread. Mr. Smith made no resistance as he was heartily sorry for the poor people.

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NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

PEACE WITH HONOUR.

After a fiercely fought war, which commenced in February, 1904, peace has at last been declared between Russia and Japan, and for his great share in this long-desired treaty President Roosevelt has the thanks of all nations.

The cost of the terrible struggle has been enormous, to Japan it is usually put at £135,000,000 down to the end of March, and in the case of Russia to £215,000,000. Since then the expenditure of shot and shell has been very small, but on the other hand the expense of feeding half a milion Russians and 800,000 Japanese must latterly have been tremendous, so that the total cost cannot have fallen far short of £165,000,000 for the Japanese, and £270,000,000 for the Russians.

Photo, Underwood.

President Roosevelt, who has played such an important part in the peace negotiations. He has been President of the United States since 1901.

All estimates of casualties must be more or less vague at present, neither side having chosen to publish lists. On the Japanese side the three weeks' battle at Mukden is said to have cost them 52,000 men, and the six months' siege of Port Arthur a thousand or two fewer. Their total casualties are put at something between 167,000 and 190,000.

Russian casualties have been estimated at 337,000, to which must be added from 70,000 to 100,000 prisoners now in Japan. On the sea Russia has lost twenty-four battleships and cruisers to Japan's six. The victors have made forty-five merchantmen prizes, and lost some two dozen small steamers and fishing boats.

Now that peace has been made, it is interesting to recall similar treaties made between warring nations in the past.

The Crimean war was waged by England, France, Turkey, and Sardinia against the Russian Empire, with the ostensible object of preserving Turkey from Russian aggression. It was concluded by a treaty signed at Paris on March 30, 1856.

This treaty restored the city of Kars to Turkey, and gave a small addition of territory to Roumania, then under the suzerainty of the Sultan, and regarded as part of the Turkish Empire. Sebastopol and the other places in the Crimea that had been won by the Allies were restored to Russia.

It was enacted that the Black Sea should be open to the merchant ships of all nations, and that the Danube should also be open for commerce. The Dardanelles were to be closed to all warships, and it was further agreed that neither Turkey nor Russia should maintain any military or naval arsenals on the shores of the Black Sea.

The preliminaries of peace between France and Germany were discussed at Bordeaux, and the final treaty was signed at Frankfort on May 18, 1871. This treaty gave Germany Alsace and Lorraine, with the exception of the city of Belfort, which was allowed, by the special favour of Bismarck, to remain French, and it also gave Germany the enormous and unprecedented indemnity of £200,000,000.

One of the latest and at the same time most interesting treaties to recall at the present moment is that signed between Japan and China on Friday, April 16, 1895, at Shimonoseki. This peace treaty consisted of the following six clauses agreed upon by the signatory Powers:—

1. Korea to be independent.

Photo, Topical.

THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

2. Japan to retain all conquered places.

3. Japan to retain the territory east of the Liao River.

4. Formosa to be permanently ceded to Japan.

A BOY'S AIR-SHIP: Our picture shows a flying-machine which has recently made a successful flight over New York. The inventor, who is a mere boy, wishes to enter into a friendly competition with M. Santos Dumont.

Photo, Frith.

THE MORT HALL, ALDEBURGH: The old fishing town of Aldeburgh, on the coast of Suffolk, will shortly celebrate the 150th anniversary of the birth of the poet Crabbe, one of its most distinguished sons (see page 149.)

5. An indemnity of a hundred million dollars to be paid by China.

6. An offensive and defensive alliance to be concluded between the two Powers.

It will be remembered that by the joint action of Russia, France, and Germany, Japan was robbed of the fruits of her victory, and was obliged to give up Port Arthur and other places that she had conquered.

Photo, Gilliam.

The latest photo of the Tsar and Tsarina.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

President Roosevelt, the hero of the peace negotiations, has the bulldog's love of fight, combined with all the softer characteristics of a woman. He is Puritanical even in his own family; yet he has an almost effeminate love for his children.

The rugged side of Mr. Roosevelt's character was developed in his youth, when he was "ranching" in the West. He went to the vast cattle plains a timid youth. The "bull-punchers" made sport of him. He was a tenderfoot; he could not kill his man every time he discharged his pistol. Roosevelt rose to the occasion, however. He realised that his first fight had come, and he faced it. He spent all his money in ammunition, and learnt to shoot so that he rarely missed his mark; and when the time came for the struggle, he made the chief bully hold up his hands and then thrashed him. From that time "Teddy" was the leader of the cowboys in all the feats of daring, and yet, withal, he convinced them that the drunkenness and brutality which were in those days the most disgraceful features of ranch life were cowardly and discreditable.

The outbreak of war between the United States and Spain gave Mr. Roosevelt even sterner work to do. He was commissioned to raise a regiment of rough-riders for service in Cuba. For the moment he was "Teddy" again, and his call to arms was responded to by as motley a mob of desperadoes, train wreckers, cowboys, and gentlemen as one could well imagine. Each man was a brilliant horseman and a deadly shot. To make them amenable to discipline was a difficulty which would have undone a man of less determination, but their love and admiration for their Colonel and Mr. Roosevelt's iron will overcame them, and the corps went forth to do magnificent service for their country on the heights above Santiago.

Contrast this warlike Roosevelt with the other Roosevelt, who appeals to his fellow-countrymen to raise children to brighten their homes and attract their attention from mere money-grabbing. Children are not a mere economic problem with him. He loves them, and the happiest moment of his life occurred only a few months ago, when he drove through the streets of New York through countless thousands of little Americans who were out in their mother's arms to pay him homage. It was this domestic side of President Roosevelt which made abhorrent to him the carnage of war, and induced him to intercede with Russia and Japan for peace.

THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

The Emperor of Japan is as unlike the mikados of comic opera as it is possible to be. He leads a most strenuous life, rising at six every morning, and working hard at affairs of State throughout the whole of the day.

He usually dresses in European costume, and lives almost entirely according to European ideas, keeping himself in touch with every detail of current affairs. He is a great reader, both of books and newspapers, and he is also something of a poet, both he and the Empress being addicted to the composition of sonnets!

The Emperor is taller than most of his subjects, but he walks with a slow and halting step. He usually wears a general's uniform on public occasions, but he does not go about among the people more often than he can help, and he leads a very secluded life.

The Emperor's name is "Mutsuhito," and he claims to be the hundred and twenty-first ruler of his line in unbroken descent. He should be called "Kotei" (Emperor) and not "Mikado" (the Honourable Gate), as the latter title is obsolete, and the Japanese do not like it to be used.

Mme. Julienne Jarrethaut, who during the Franco-Prussian War led a charge of 120 men, capturing sixty Germans. She was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. She has just died in Paris.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

SHANNON MANŒUVRES: SCOUTS RECONNOITRING.

The newly organised body of Cavalry Scouts is the work of Major-General Baden-Powell. The men have a special training, and are known by the metal badge on their right arm either as the first or second class scout. In addition to the ordinary equipment, powerful field glasses are provided.

New Gorilla for the Zoo.

There is only one place in the world where representatives of all four branches of the ape family can be seen under one roof, and that is the London Zoological Gardens. The arrival of the female gorilla, "Miss Crowther," last week completed the series, which consists of—1. The chimpanzee. 2. The gorilla. 3. The orang-outang. 4. The gibbon. Some months ago the Zoological Gardens were on the point of realising this dream, for Venus and Chloe, the two baby gorillas were alive, and an orang was on its way. Before its arrival at Regent's Park, however, the gorillas died, and "Miss Crowther's" appearance is the more welcome since it tallies with a period at which her three cousins are also in the new ape house.

The new gorilla is 5ft. 6in. in height, measures 42in. round the chest, and possesses great strength. Her hair, face, and eyes are as black as jet, and though given to outbursts of rage she is extremely shy, hiding her face with her hands and the straw on which she sleeps. A rare hamadryad, or black cobra, 10ft. long, arrived with her. This is probably the only animal that will deliberately attack and pursue a man. It is very poisonous, and feeds on other snakes. The present specimen is unusually black, and is probably the only one of its kind that has ever been in the Zoo. There has been nearly three hundred new arrivals at the Zoo during the past two months, of whom no fewer than sixty-eight were born in the gardens. The chief birth was a white-tailed gnu. Other births included a mouflon, a Tickell's ouzel, two hybrid starlings, four crested screamers, two Wonga-Wonga pigeons, fifty-four pheasants of various kinds, and a jungle fowl. Some of the many weirdly-named additions included malaria fish, a hog-nosed snake, a long nosed crocodile, blunt-nosed snakes, salt water terrapins, a milk snake, cut-throat finches, a silky cow-bird, a green monkey, a ruddy mongoose, and a nutmeg bird.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

"Miss Crowther," the new gorilla, which arrived at the Zoo last week. It was brought by Mr. J. D. Hamlyn from the French Congo, and is 5ft. in height and measures 45in. round the chest.

The Bloodhound as Man-Hunter.

Bloodhounds have taken a prominent part during the past week in the searches which have taken place for a missing woman and a missing boy in different parts of Wales. But the experiments were not very successful, due, in all probability, to the fact that the trail was too cold, and had been badly over-run before the dogs were taken to the spot.

Bloodhounds are marvellous dogs at following a trail, but they cannot do impossibilities. A hundred and fifty years ago, when bloodhounds were largely used for the conviction of sheep-stealers, the dogs would sometimes follow a trail successfully half a day after the man had passed along it, but then the scent was generally accompanied by blood and dead mutton, probably wool and all, and it was on a drag of mutton that the great bell-mouthed hounds were trained for work in those days.

The greatest value of the bloodhound is supposed to consist in the fact that he will not change from one to another line, but the evidences accepted as proof of this are not always overwhelming.

An instance which has been quoted is that of Mr. East's bloodhounds, which were engaged in tracking out fowl-stealers. Apparently they succeeded well, in spite of meeting a church parade, and they are said to have done it nine hours after the robbery; but the question arises whether the hounds were not following the fowls that the thief carried, and not the man at all.

But dogs of one sort and another are used nowadays to aid the police in many countries, and in several of the continental armies they aid the sentries on night duty.

Dogs are used in many countries to detect smuggling. On the Austrian shores of the Adriatic a considerable contraband trade is done in Italian and Levantine goods, and many smuggling expeditions are foiled by canine vigilance.

At intervals of a mile or so along the coast are kennels, which have dogs taught to bark loud on the appearance of boats at night. When the wind is blowing on shore it is said that these animal custom officers can detect a boat a mile from land, however dark the night.

Paris also has its dog police. They are not employed on general duty, however, but patrol the banks of the Seine, on the look out for suicides or cases of accidental immersion.

Directly a dog "spots" a person in the water, he jumps in after him, and very rarely fails in effecting a rescue.

The animals are of the Newfoundland variety, and cost £20 apiece. Round their necks they wear serviceable nickel collars, engraved with the inscription, "Prefecture de Police—Brigade fluviale." The "force" in its entirety is designated "Les Chiens Plongeurs."

New York maintains several dog policemen for the express purpose of seeking out and finding lost children; and New Orleans, as well as many other Southern cities, keeps, out of the municipal rates, regular packs of bloodhounds, to act as four-footed detectives whenever occasion may require.

The Conquest of the Air.

One of the most interesting ballooning contests that have ever taken place is to start at Liège (Belgium) on Sunday next (September 10). It is a long distance race for amateurs, and if favourable winds attend the ascents some record flights are expected.

The competition is open to all members of foreign aero clubs, and the Liège Exhibition authorities are offering prizes, amounting in the aggregate to about £700, for the ballonists who make the longest runs.

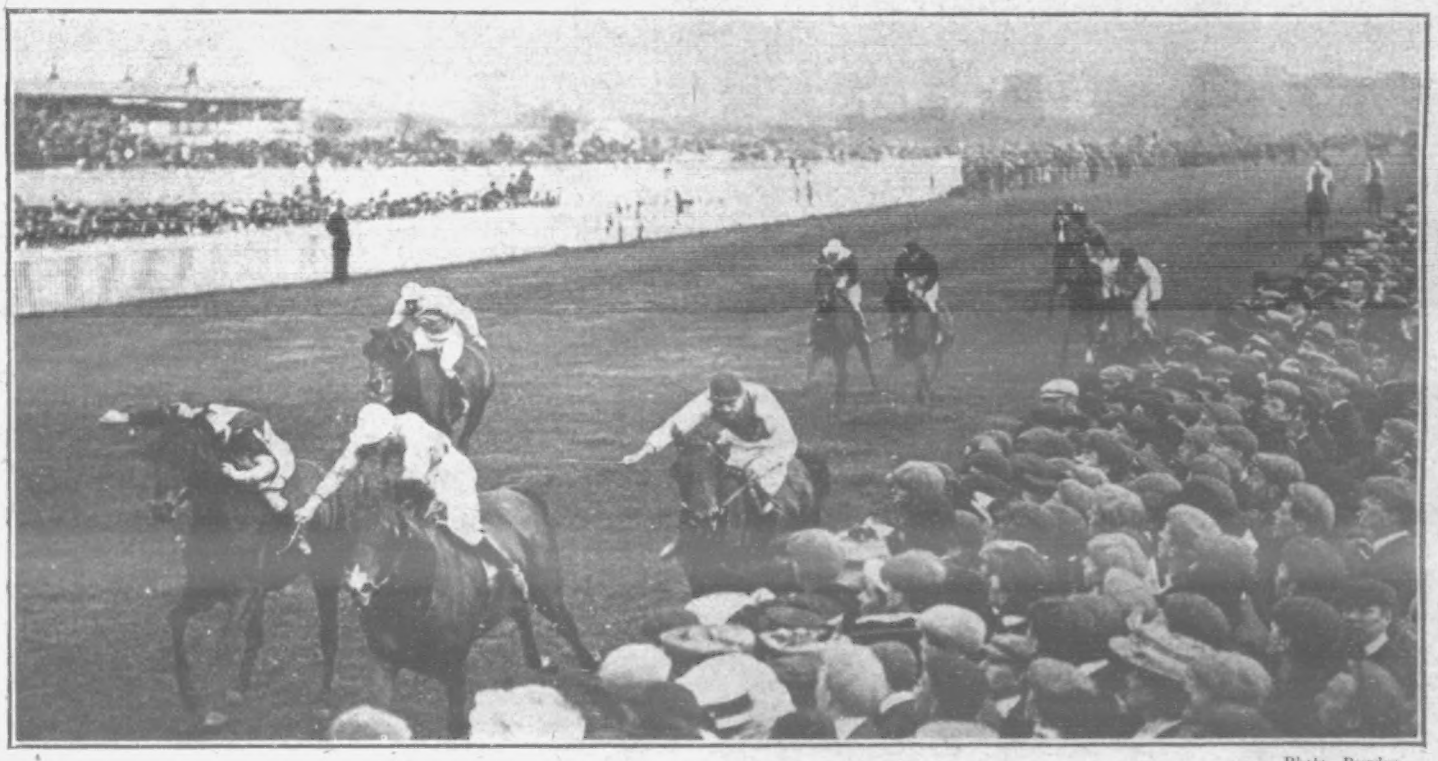
The Aero Club of England will be represented by Mr. Leslie Bucknall, who will take over his new balloon, Vivienne III., which is by far the largest balloon in England. Mr. Bucknall thinks he will probably stay up at least eighteen hours, and, with favourable winds, expects to reach Poland, Sweden, or some equally distant place.

In October, 1900, the Paris Aero Club held its race for the Grand Prix, and on this occasion Count Henry de la Vaulx and Count Castillon de Saint Victor travelled in the former's balloon, "the Centaure," from Paris to Korostichev, in Little Russia, a distance as the crow flies of 1,153 miles, in 35¾ hours, an average of about 32 miles an hour.

His attempt to cross the Mediterranean in October, 1901, which resulted in a failure, is still fresh in the public's memory. The balloon, with Count de la Vaulx and three companions, started on Sunday, October 13, 1901, from Sablettes, near Toulon, shortly after eleven at night, and was accompanied by the French cruiser *Du Chayla* and the yacht *Jeanne Blanche*. It was expected that, with the favourable wind which was then blowing, Count de la Vaulx would reach the Algerian coast in about four days, but, unfortunately, on Tuesday after the balloon had been 42 hours in the air, and when in the neighbourhood of the St. Laurent Lighthouse, near Perpignan, the wind changed to the east, and drove it in the direction of the Pyrenees, thus causing the abandonment of the voyage. The actual distance covered by the balloon in the 42 hours was about 150 miles.

Photo, Park.

Three patrons of Mr. Pond's "Babies' Public-house," at Hoxton, where substantial sandwiches may be obtained at the moderate price of one farthing.



Photo, Bowden.

THE GREAT EBOR HANDICAP: An exciting finish; Mr. Sullivan's "The Page" winning by a neck.

Photo Eva White West

THE SHANNON MANŒUVRES: Troops crossing the river on a raft.

Miss Clara Alexandra, the young American girl, who has been the rage this season in London drawing rooms, where her delineations of negro character, by song and story, have caused quite a sensation.

King Carlos, the Artist.

It is not generally known that King Carlos of Portugal is a clever artist. During the recent visit of the Second Cruiser Squadron, commanded by Prince Louis of Battenberg, to Lisbon, the hearty, genial King of Portugal paid a neat and dainty compliment to the British officers. Prince Louis and his captains were invited to dine on the Royal yacht, a party of twenty, including some ladies, forming the guests. Each one found by his or her place at table a menu on which the King had made exceedingly clever sketches in water-colours or pen-and-ink, and all were signed "Carlos." Needless to say these souvenirs of a pretty and gracious attention are much valued by the recipients. Dom Carlos has gained awards at the Paris salons—in 1900 and in 1903. On the latter occasion Queen Wilhelmina and Princess Waldemar, of Denmark, were also among the exhibitors. Quite a number of the galleries in Portugal contain pictures by Charles of Braganza, as he usually signs his work, and many have been sold for substantial sums for charitable objects. His Majesty of Portugal is by no means the only monarch that has a hobby or even trade—in fact, many Kings have businesses which contribute handsomely to their purses. The King of Bavaria brews beer for sale! In the centre of the Bavarian capital, Munich, is a dingy, ancient tavern, from which mugs of the famous and delicious beer can be obtained to-day in precisely the same manner as they were three hundred years ago when the beer-house was first opened to the public. First brewed at the royal palace in September, 1589, from a recipe given to the reigning King by a renowned brewer, named Degenberg, since that time it has been on sale at the same place, and has been prepared in exactly the same way. Of course, the recipe is a strictly-guarded secret, and all profits from the tavern go entirely to the King's income, of which they form no small portion. Then again, King Leopold is not only King of the Belgians, but is the "indiarubber king" as well. He can corner the indiarubber market on any day he chooses, for he has practically a monopoly of this important commercial product. Rubber cultivation constitutes the staple industry of his colossal private estate in the Congo, in which he has sunk hundreds of thousands of pounds, with the result that now he governs the world's supply.

Another Freak Walk.

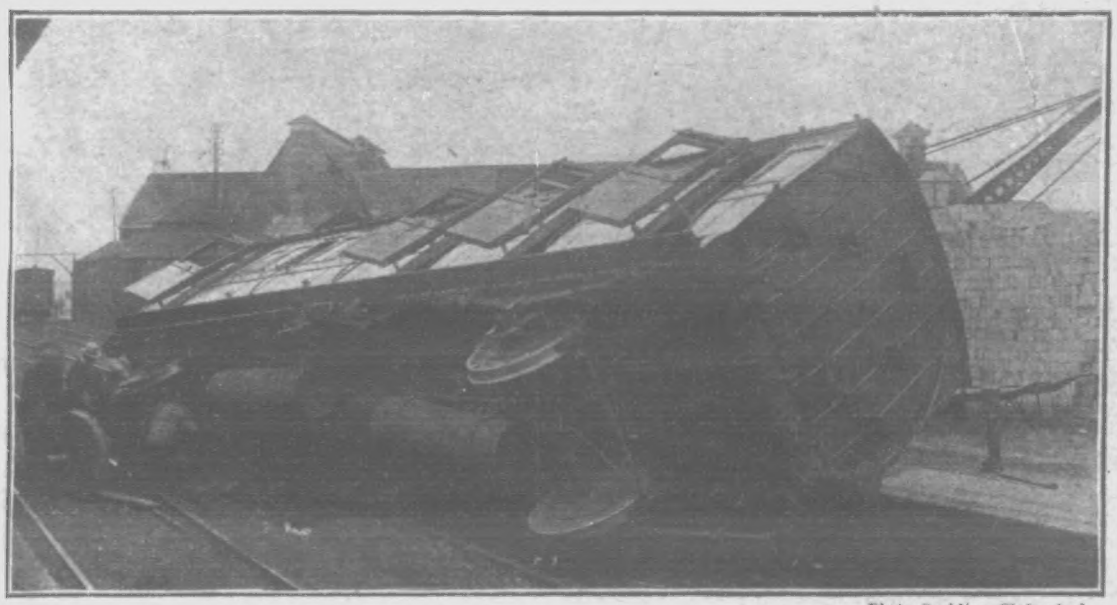
Manacled together, Charles and Ernest Williams, "handcuff kings," will begin a five years' walking tour round the world at midnight on September 16. Their route will be from London to Liverpool, New York, San Francisco, Freemantle (Australia), India, China, Japan, etc., and in every town through which they pass they must obtain the British Consul's certificate that the handcuffs have not been tampered with. Just now the feat of walking round the world seems as popular as endeavouring to swim the Channel. One of the first to perform this feat successfully was a young German named Hentsch, who set out on foot from Berlin, travelling eastward, in the spring of 1832. Unlike many of those who have followed him, he was amply provided with funds, which fact probably accounts for his occupying so long a time over his task. He lingered wherever he felt inclined, spending eight months in Constantinople, five in Teheran, and a whole year (less three weeks) in Bombay. After innumerable adventures he arrived at his starting place in the winter of 1844, more than twelve years after he had set out. Another globe-trotter of the same dilatory type is—for he is still living—Signor Jesse Brandani, of Florence, who walked not only round the world, but through all the principal European countries as well, covering 140,000 kilometres (87,500 miles) in ten years. He set out from Paris on October 25th, 1890, to which city he returned on September 23rd, 1900, having tramped in the meanwhile the distance set forth above. Signor Brandani took with him very little money, relying upon his skill as a guitarist for his food and lodging. His dress was a modification of the troubadour costume, and he carried no offensive or defensive weapons of any kind. Nevertheless he penetrated into some of the wildest and most dangerous spots on earth, being taken a prisoner on one occasion by the Mahdists, and at another time by the Kurds. Of course, not everybody who essays to walk round the world succeeds in accomplishing their self-imposed task. Many—the majority, probably—give up sooner or later. Some lose their lives. Among these latter unfortunates was Mr. Aubrey St. Leger, a young Liverpool journalist, who started from New York and was brutally murdered by armed outlaws on the great plains west of Cheyenne city. The record for the round-the-world-walk, as regards speed, is supposed to be held by a young Canadian named Beresford Greathead, who claims to have done the journey in just under three years. As a proof of having accomplished the task, he obtained the signature and seals of the mayors and provosts of the various cities and towns he visited.

Photo, Spalding, Chelmsford.

THE G.E.R. DISASTER: A splendid photograph of the carriages that crashed into the platform when travelling at express speed.

Photo, Spalding, Chelmsford.

THE G.E.R. DISASTER: A general view of Witham Station shortly after the accident.



Photo, Spalding, Chelmsford.

THE G.E.R. DISASTER: One of the wrecked carriages lying on its side across the platform at Witham.

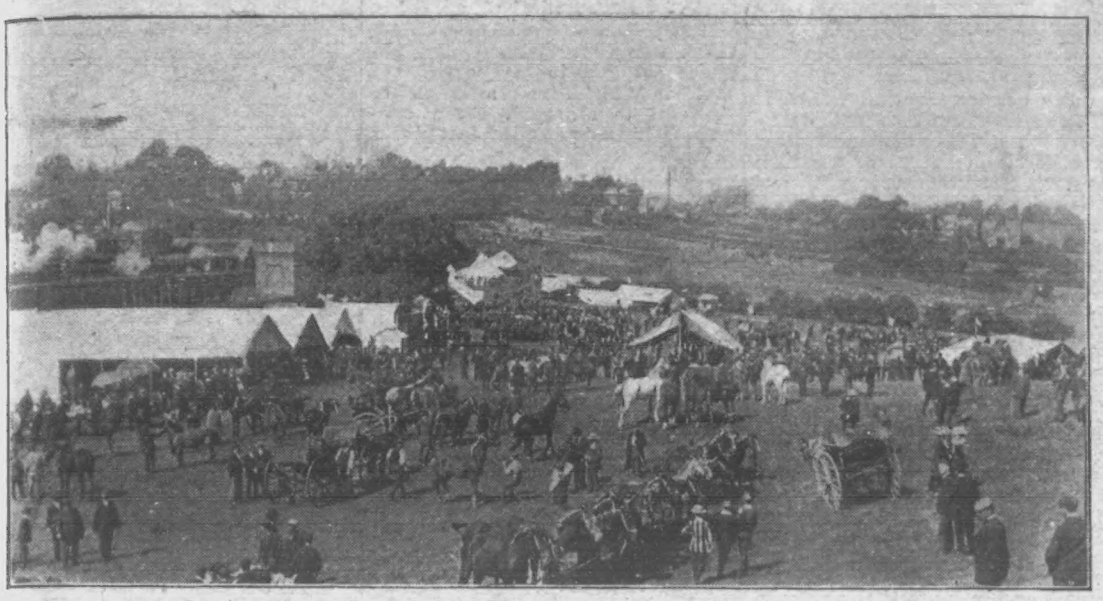
An Inducement to Marry.

Four hundred employés in the Café Martin, a prominent New York restaurant, have received notice that any one of them in the firm's employment for a year will, on getting married, receive a bonus of £20 and a further bonus of £10 at the birth of each child. Next week the assistant chef and a chambermaid are to be married, and will, therefore, obtain £40 wherewith to start housekeeping. The proprietor states that he finds married employés better than single.

How to Reach the Pole.

Mr. Anthony Fiala, of New York, commander of the expedition to the North Pole, equipped by the late Mr. Ziegler, the baking-powder king, returned last week. He expressed the conviction, based on two years of Arctic experience, that the North Pole can be reached only in two ways. One, and probably the best, method would be to send a very large expedition with ten ships, each acting as relay stations, and establishing a line of communication with a good and well-provisioned base. Such an expedition should be planned to cover five, seven, or ten years. The dogs should be selected with as much care as the men. "It is the awful isolation and the feeling that no resources are within reach that takes the heart out of men in the Arctic regions," says Mr. Fiala, and he believes that the system of relay ships would meet that difficulty. Mr. Fiala's alternative plan is the construction of a very strong driftship built of heavy steel to withstand all ice pressure. Such a vessel must be strong enough to crush the ice, must have very powerful engines, and possess a very large supply of stores. Mr. Fiala does not believe that Lieutenant Peary will reach the Pole, but considers that he has a better chance than any previous explorer.

A RISING VIOLINIST.
Mr. Albert Spalding, a young American violinist, who recently made a great success in Paris at several well-known concerts, will appear at the Queen's Hall during next month. He has just "turned sixteen," and is full of genuine ability and promise. When he was fourteen years of age, Spalding received the Diploma of a Professor of the Violin at the Conservatoire at Bolohna.



Photo, Park.

BARNET FAIR, WHICH BEGAN ON MONDAY: Dealers congregated from all parts of the country to buy and sell horses, but the greatest crowd came not to buy and sell, but to look on and laugh at the many mountebanks that assemble there.

Prehistoric Deer.

An interesting discovery of prehistoric remains has been made on the Rossie estate, near Ladybank, Fifeshire. The remains, which are those of some species of deer, were found buried below 6ft. of wet sand and gravel, deeply embedded under peat and decayed vegetation. Unfortunately, they were somewhat damaged by the picks of the labourers. The measurements are: From the extreme tip of each horn, 9ft. 4in.; from the tip of the horn to the centre of the head, 4ft. 8in.; length of skull, 2ft.; breadth of palmated part of antler, 10in. There are twenty-four double molars, the larger teeth measuring 1⅜in. in length and 1in. in breadth.

Realistic Battle Scene.

The manœuvres of the troops of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton's southern command on Salisbury Plain closed with a night attack on Sidbury Hill, framed on Japanese lines. Col. W. A. Young, with the Artillery, Field Engineers, and the 2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers, occupied an entrenched position on the old Roman encampment, and made free use of cleverly

'Caller Herrin' "—a pretty child study.

opened a vigorous assault, which ended in the capture of the stronghold. It was a realistic modern battle scene, and thoroughly instructive. Sir Ian Hamilton was the umpire-in-chief.

Woman who Led a Charge.

Mme. Julienne Jarrethaut, who was a vivandière in the Franco-German war, has just died in Paris. At the battle of Ablis she saw the captain and both lieutenants of a company fall, wounded. Putting herself at the head of the 120 leaderless men, she led a charge which resulted in the capture of sixty Germans. For this and for the conspicuous part she played in the defence of Châteaudun, where she served out ammunition under the fire of the enemy's guns, Mme. Jarrethaut was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Painted on the Stage.

An interesting history is attached to a clever painting of Mrs. Clement Scott which has now been placed in the vestibule of the Coliseum. This portrait was painted on the stage of his beautiful little theatre at Bushey by Professor Herkomer, R.A., during the performance of a play written by the Professor and Mrs. Scott. In the play Professor Herkomer acted the part of an artist, and Mrs. Scott was supposed to sit to him for her portrait. The comedy was presented for six nights, and she appears in the picture exactly as she did when the curtain fell for the last time on the final scene.

Alfonso's Bride.

A Spanish paper has started a guessing competition among its readers as to the lady who will be eventually chosen as a bride by King Alfonso. The names of the prospective queens are given in the following order:—1. Princess Olga of Cumberland, aged 21; 2. Princess Victoria of Prussia, aged 13; 3. Princess Wiltrude of Bavaria, aged 21; 4. Princess Patricia of Connaught, aged 19; 5. Princess Marie-Antoinette of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, aged 21; 6. Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg, aged 21; 7. Princess Victoria of Battenberg, aged 18; 8. Princess Louise of Orleans, aged 23.

Famous Poet's Anniversary.

Crabbe's poetry is almost unknown to the present generation, but he had a great vogue at one time, and Byron described him as "nature's sternest painter, yet the best." Born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, in humble circumstances, he came to London in his early "teens" with three pounds in his pocket, and no prospects. After roughing it for some time he was taken up by Edmund Burke, took holy orders, and became curate to the rector of his native Aldborough. In a short time Burke made him chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. Crabbe was a great painter of humble village life; but the following poem, entitled "The Dying Sailor," is, perhaps, the most popular of all his works:

THE DYING SAILOR.

He call'd his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message—"Thomas, I must die:
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing, go!—if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake;
Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that, and let me not despair,
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer."
He had his wish, had more; I will not paint.
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint,—
With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
"Yes! I must die;" and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts, meantime,
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away:
With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head;
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer·
Apart, she sighed; alone, she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.
One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think.
Yet said not so—"perhaps he will not sink:"
A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;—
She had been reading in the book of prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she prest,
And fondly whisper'd, "Thou must go to rest;"
"I go," he said; but, as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
Then gazed affrighten'd; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past

Photo, Clements.

M. Jaluzot, the great French draper, who, after losing a fabulous fortune over a "corner" in sugar, committed suicide.

Photo, Underwood & Underwood.

AT PEACE AGAIN: Shopping in the main street of Tokio.

The Policeman Violin Maker.

P.C. Gaskin asks us to point out that his Christian name is not Edward, but George Henry. We regret that this error should have been made, and have great pleasure in correcting it.

concealed wire entanglements. Sir Charles Knox's infantry of the 4th Division advanced by compass bearings to within a hundred yards of the trenches without being discovered by the enemy, and just after midnight

THE GIPSIES' PRIVILEGE: In Roumania the Gipsies have the right to catch wild dogs in the streets. In the above sketch the manner in which they make the capture is clearly shown.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

Judging by the enormous number of spectators who attended the opening day of the season, football has got even a stronger hold on the public than has been the case in any previous year. Certainly the weather—always a great factor—was propitious, and nearly 200,000 people watched the first league games. Add to this the enormous crowds that patronised the Southern League, the Second League, and the friendly games, and you may take it that about half a million people were

Photo, Globe Photo Co.

J. J. Robertson, the manager of the new Chelsea Football Club.

attending important football matches last Saturday. Many writers have declared that football is on the down grade. Had any of these seen the enthusiasm—not built up, mind you, by a few matches—shown by the onlookers, they would have altered their ideas; that is, of course, if they were not entirely bigoted.

We had one of the best performances down South when the Arsenal beat Liverpool in the First League by 3 goals to 1. There was no fluke about the result—it was purely the outcome of superior football, and I hope that the "Reds" will keep up their form. Sunderland had the better of the play with Newcastle United—a game which naturally lent itself to hard knocks and local feeling. Both teams are good. Sunderland's win by 3 goals to 2 was probably the result of playing on their own ground, and we may expect something out of the ordinary from both them and Newcastle before the season is far advanced.

One of the best performances of the day was that of Sheffield United, who went to Bolton and beat the Wanderers by 2 goals to 1. They may not have an Ernest Needham now, but they have a finely balanced side, and the League banner may again wave from the staff at Bramall Lane at the end of the season. Sheffield Wednesday also performed well in defeating Manchester City by a goal, Stewart getting the only point of the match.

Everton have started well with a victory of 4 goals to 1 over Middlesbrough, and you may take it as read that the "Toffee" men will have a lot to say about the championship. Their forwards were all quite good, and the defence was as sound as need be. Derby County, too, have some reason to be satisfied with themselves, especially as Stephen Bloomer is still a host in himself. He failed to score against Bury last Saturday, when the "Rams" won by 4 goals to 1, but he made full amends on Monday by getting three of the goals by which Derby defeated Clapton Orient by 6 goals to 3.

It was rather surprising to find that Aston Villa—the English Cup holders—could do no better than draw with Blackburn Rovers; and Birmingham City—as the Small Heath club is now known—should have done better than draw with Preston North End. Notts Forest, always an unknown quantity, came out with a victory over the Wolverhampton Wanderers by 3 goals to 1.

In the Southern League the most surprising result was the defeat of Southampton at the "Dell." The "Saints" have for long been regarded as the shining lights of the Southern League, and it was thus all the more disappointing to their admirers to see them defeated by a goal (scored by Underwood) to nil. This is not championship form, and one naturally wonders what will happen to the "Saints." West Ham, with practically a new forward line, only beat Swindon by a goal; Fulham drew with Portsmouth in a goalless game; Bristol Rovers overwhelmed Northampton by 6 goals to 0; Plymouth Argyle defeated Norwich City by 2 goals to 0; and a similar score favoured Millwall at the expense of Brighton and Hove. But from what I hear, the latter team will do great things this season.

THE CHELSEA CLUB.

The latest recruit to southern football is the Chelsea Club, which opened its gates to the public on Monday evening, September 4. It bids fair to be a power in the football land, for its enclosure, when completed, will be one of the most comfortable and commodious in Great Britain, and the team should prove strong enough to gain a prominent position in the Second Division of the League. Already upwards of £30,000 has been spent on the ground, and accommodation is being made for 150,000 spectators. The covered stand is a model structure. Built to hold 6,000 people, it is replete underneath with rooms for the players, officials, and visitors, and the baths provided for the men are in advance of any in the South. The right sort of sportsmen are connected with its management, too. The Earl of Cadogan and Mr. C. B. Fry are the Presidents; and the directorate include Mr. H. A. Mears and Mr. G. Thomas. Mr. Mears owns the ground, and he is practically superintending its making. He is a keen sportsman, and is as well known in racing circles as in connection with football. In Mr. G. Thomas, of Southampton, he has a worthy colleague, for there is no more enthusiastic supporter of the winter pastime than the Sotonian. He is proprietor of the Southampton Club's ground, accompanies the men to most of the matches, and an international game would not seem itself if he, and Mrs. Thomas, were not among the spectators. Then there is Mr. Fred W. Parker, as hon. financial secretary. Mr. Parker has been connected with athletics for many years, and is one of our best-known handicappers. He is fond of sport in all its forms, and occupies the position of secretary of the London Athletic Club.

The players are all good-class men, the older ones having made great reputations on the field, while the younger are full of promise. A few particulars about them may be of interest.

GOAL:

W. FOULKES (captain and goalkeeper) comes from Sheffield United. He has kept goal for England. He is the bulkiest football player living, and is such a mountain of flesh between the posts that opposing forwards are said to have complained that they had not sufficient of the goal to shoot at. As a compromise it was suggested that marks should be drawn on Foulkes. If the ball hit him inside the marks it was a save, but if outside the shot should count as a goal.

M. BYRNE (Southampton) is understudy to Foulkes, and is likely to make a great name for himself.

BACKS:

R. MACKIE (Heart of Midlothian) is 22 years old, a clever and determined tackler at back, and was one of the fastest men in Scotland last year.

J. WATSON, JUN. (Sunderland), 23 years, is a young player of great promise.

T. MILLER (Falkirk), 22 years, was looked upon as the Burgess of Scotland. He is little, but strong, and absolutely fearless.

R. MCEWAN (Glasgow Rangers), 23 years, has had experience both with Bury and the Rangers. He is a player of the "Donald Gow" type, with plenty of speed and a safe kick.

Photo, Bowden.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL TEAM, who opened their season by beating Liverpool last Saturday.

HALF-BACKS:

G. KAY (Heart of Midlothian), 24 years, should be one of the "stars" of the team. He is a Scottish International, a safe tackler, and plays well to the forwards.

R. MCROBERTS (Small Heath), 29 years, was formerly a centre-forward, but is now playing centre-half, where his speed and judgment should prove of great account.

"JACKY" ROBERTSON (manager), 28 years, comes from Glasgow Rangers, and formerly played for Southampton. He holds seventeen International, and six Inter-League, caps; and has captained Scotland both for the Nation and the League. He is a half-back of resource, tireless and determined, and the wing facing him will have to be clever to get the better of the argument. He does not like the sea, and twice refused to play against Ireland as he dreaded the voyage. His friends say that he makes up on land for any fear he may display on the water.

FORWARDS:

M. MORAN (Heart of Midlothian), 25 years, is well known in the South owing to his connection with Millwall. He is tricky, cool, and centres well.

D. COPELAND (Tottenham Hotspur), 28 years, used to play inside left for the Spurs, but has been transferred to the other wing.

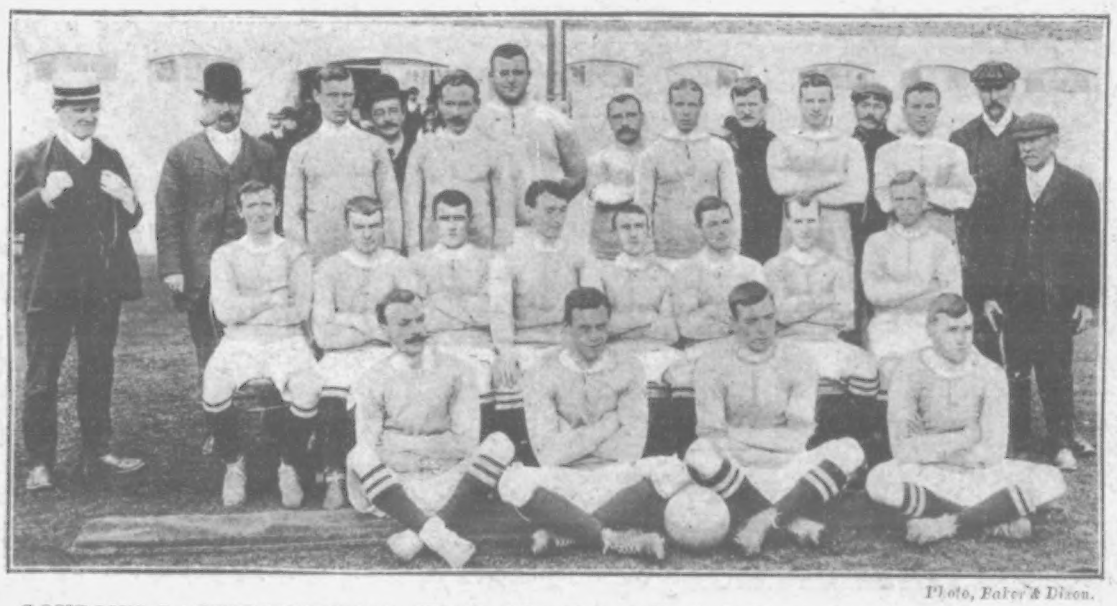
J. ROBERTSON (Small Heath), 22 years, the centre-forward, combines well, is speedy, and a capital shot at goal.

J. WINDRIDGE (Small Heath), 22 years, is a coming International. He has speed and cleverness, and shoots well.

J. KIRWAN (Tottenham Hotspur), 27 years, is the Irish International who did such sterling service for the Spurs.

C. DONACHIE (Glasgow Rangers), 21 years, is built on the small side. He has got command over the ball, and centres beautifully.

TOOMER (Southampton), 23 years, is very fast and a good shot.



Photo, Baker & Dixon.

LONDON'S LATEST FOOTBALL TEAM: The Chelsea Football Club, whose headquarters are at Stamford Bridge.

J. E. Windridge, one of the forwards of London's latest football team—the Chelsea F.C.

RESERVES.

HALF-BACKS:

J. CRAIGIE (Manchester City), 21 years, is good enough for any team, and a capital emergency man.

J. WOLFE (Hull City), 20 years, is likely to turn out well.

FORWARD:

F. O'HARA (Coatbridge), 20 years, controls the ball cleverly, has speed, and puts plenty of power into his shooting.

Altogether the team appears a strong one from goal to centre forward.

The Growth of Football in the South.

The rapid development of the craze for Association football in the South of England has been one of the most remarkable features in the history of British sport, says a writer in the *Daily Mail*. Ten years ago professional football was almost an unknown quantity in the South, although it was flourishing vigorously in many of the great towns of the North and Midlands. The change in the ten years may be tabulated as under:—

SOUTHERN PROFESSIONAL LEAGUE CLUBS.

1894-95.	1905-06.
LONDON.	LONDON.
Woolwich Arsenal.	Woolwich Arsenal.
Millwall.	Millwall.
	Tottenham Hotspur
	Fulham.
	Queen's Pk Rangers
	West Ham.
	Brentford.
	Che'sea.
	Clapton Orient.
	Leyton.
	Crystal Palace.
PROVINCES.	PROVINCES.
Southampton St. Mary's.	Southampton.
Luton.	Luton.
Chatham.	Chatham.
Swindon.	Swindon.
New Brompton.	New Brompton.
	Bristol Rovers.
	Reading.
	Plymouth Argyle
	Portsmouth.
	Brighton and Hove.
	Northampton.
	Watford.
	Norwich City.
	Bristol City.

In addition to the above, there are now many other clubs of less importance that employ paid players. In no part of the country has the game caught the public fancy more violently than in London, where the high-water mark has apparently not yet been reached. Ten years ago the Arsenal and Millwall represented professional football in London; this season we are to have eleven first-class organisations, all with finely-equipped grounds, capable of holding crowds varying between 10,000 at Leyton and 100,000 at the Crystal Palace and Chelsea. At the present time there appears to be no limit to the demand for first-class football as a spectacle.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

Queen's Park Rangers v. New Brompton at Park Royal.

Photo, Ward.

Woolwich Arsenal beat Liverpool at Plumstead by 3 goals to 1: a run by the Arsenal on the left wing.

The Joys of Football.

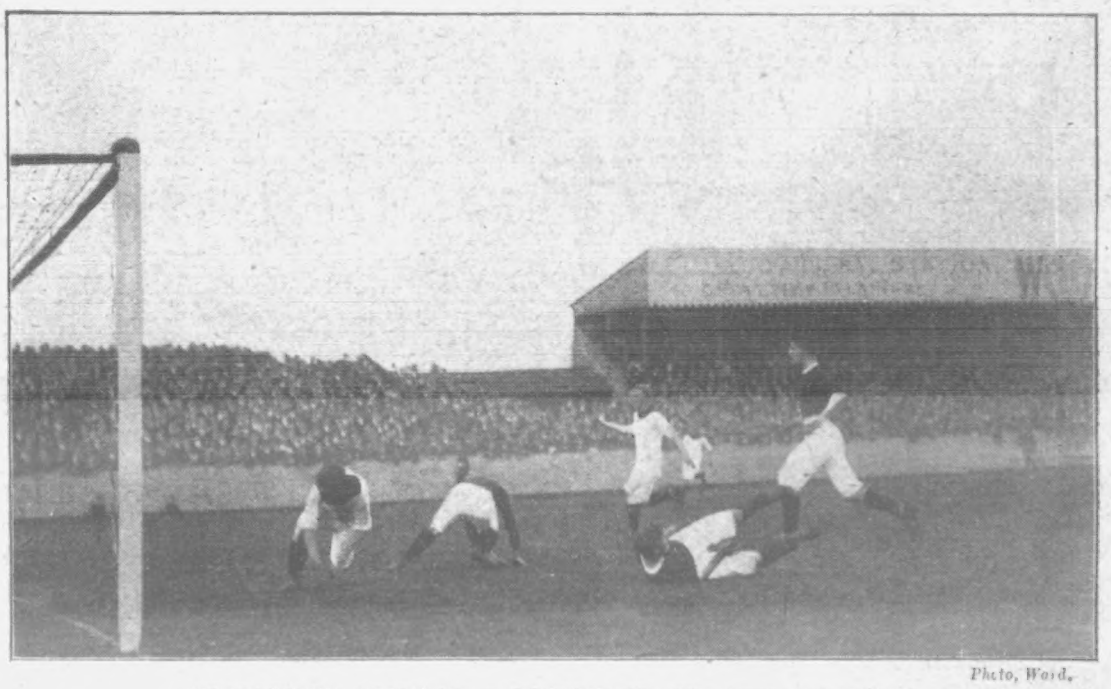
In this month's *Pearson's Magazine* there is an interesting series on "Which is the Finest Sport?" in which the champions of many sports uphold their favourite pastime. Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson thus gives his views on football: Football is tuned to the natural inclinations of British youth. It appeals to the animal side of humanity through the instincts that we have inherited from wilder and less law-abiding forefathers. In no other game can you spring upon an opponent with the fierce bound of a leopard and roll with him joyously in the mud; in no other game can you meet your enemy and hurl him to the ground with the shock of charging rams. Skill is becoming more important in football every year. Combination beats back brute force in the game. No longer are the matches the desperate trials of strength that they used to be. I remember a celebrated Irish International who was ever a desperate forward, though his enthusiasm militated against his success in combining with the rest of his team, of whom an appropriate story was told in South Africa. He was in the Imperial Light Horse, the men who fought so gallantly in Natal through the early days of the war. His regiment were lying down awaiting the orders for attack on the Boers who held the crest of the ridge. When the bullets came thick and fast he could wait no longer. "Hurrosh, boys!" he cried. "On the ball, on the ball!" And so, waving his rifle above his head, he rushed up the hill alone. His captain, who, as luck would have it, was a Scotch International, collared him by the knees and brought him down with a thump. "We haven't kicked off yet," he said grimly, "and you're off side. If you're not more careful, my boy, there'll be a referee called Mr. Mauser that will order you off the field!" I have always held that the lack of personal responsibility has ever had much to do with the vast enjoyment of football. The players are never affected by that great, nervous dread which troubles the members of a racing eight or of an athletic or cricket team. Should an oarsman catch a crab he dooms the rest of the crew to defeat; should a cricketer misjudge his first ball he is out without chance of recovery. But the football player can rarely make a mistake which will lose his side the game. Unless he is a goal-keeper or a full back, he can at least retrieve his error. For such reasons as these does there flourish a consuming joy in the old but ever new game of our British winters.

Money spent on Football.

There are solid foundations for the assertion that the British public spends between £10,000 and £20,000 every week of the season to gain admission to Association football grounds. Add the receipts from Rugby matches—more especially in Wales, the West of England, the Northern Union districts, and Scotland, and the amount assumes staggering proportions. London has not yet recognised the commercial value of football, but London is the "giant sloth" of the cities of the Kingdom. An international match has before now raised the receipts of the Glasgow Corporation Tramways by nearly £200 for one day alone. The constant ebbing and flowing of huge football crowds between such towns as Bury, Bolton, Blackburn, Nottingham, Birmingham, and so on, must—and does—mean greatly increased receipts to restaurant-keepers, publicans, and shop-people generally. But whereas London regards with apathy the weekly migration to Tottenham, Millwall, Woolwich, or Park Royal as the case may be, the tradesmen of the football towns in the North and Midlands make extra special efforts on the occasion of a big match. They study the tastes and requirements—neither very high class, it is true—of the football public, and they reap a rich harvest. In a Midland or Northern town the shopkeeper on the line of route to a big football ground is regarded as a millionaire in embryo. Others who benefit commercially by the weekly marching and countermarching of the great football army are the railway companies, the cab, 'bus, tram, and other vehicle proprietors, and the newspapers. Take away the receipts derived from football travellers and it is no exaggeration to say that the annual dividends of the Great Northern and Midland Railway arteries would drop by a considerable amount per cent. In this matter of railway accommodation for footballers London is also very far behind. The Midland and North-Western companies handle thousands upon thousands of extra football passengers every Saturday without putting their ordinary traffic out of gear by as much as a minute. Of the railway companies supplying London only the Great Western is alive to the possibilities of football as a medium of profit-earning.

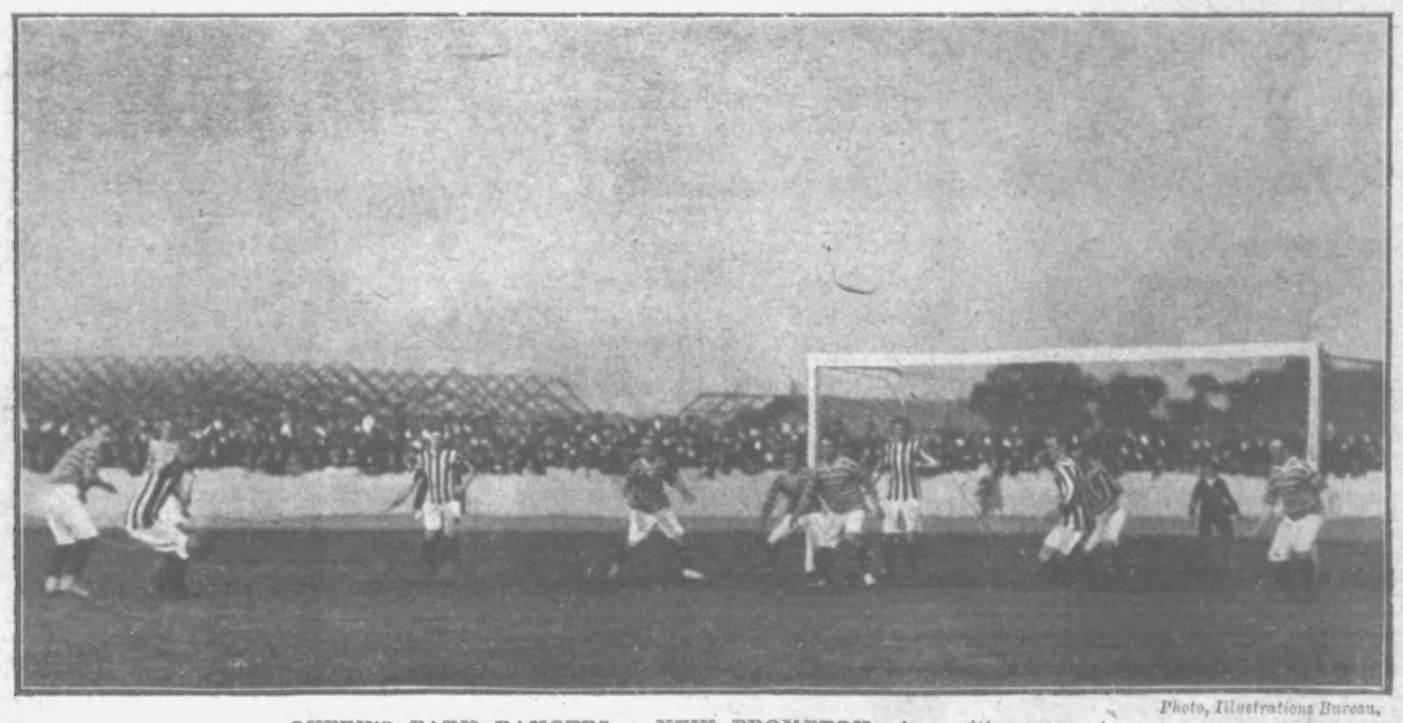
Is "Football Fever" a National Disgrace?

It is well to hear both sides of every question. The writer of an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, some time ago, dropped heavily on the victims of the "football fever." He says that every Saturday during eight months of the year, at least 200,000 men, for the most part young and strong, are idling round a football ground in a state of perpetual excitement and passion. He says: "I can think of only two parallels in the history of the world to the football fever of Great Britain: the one is the universal passion of the people of Rome during the decadence of the Empire for the bloody games of the Circus, and the other is the bull-fights of Spain. The influence of this conversion of a fine, vigorous, hearty pastime into a business cannot be wholesome, and the experience of an afternoon at a great game endorses this. Look at the faces around us. Are they the faces of men and youths come to enjoy a good fair tussle of the true English sort, and to hope that the best men may win? Not a bit of it! When the game is quiet the vulpine and sodden faces are eager, but not happy; when an exciting phase occurs the general expression is one of malignant anxiety, here broken by an outburst of frantic disappointment, there by one of savage joy. There is enthusiasm, plenty of it, but it is an ungenerous, one-sided enthusiasm, without a spark of chivalry or appreciation of alien worth in it. Once at a famous North Country ground I saw and heard half a crowd of 20,000 people turn upon a poor referee who had done something distasteful, while the other half applauded his action. The spiteful yells which arose, the torrents of foul abuse which were poured forth, the fierce brandishing of sticks and fists, the almost carnivorous expression on the passion-deformed faces, made up a terrible picture of an English crowd taking its pleasure on a Saturday afternoon which I shall never forget." In those districts in the North where the football fever is most rabid, and which happens to be the very heart of our industrial world, business is actually subordinate to sport in general, and to football in particular. "Large establishments are occasionally closed in mid-week because the whole body of workmen take it into their heads that their pots on the football ground require encouragement. If these men were ordinary hewers of wood and drawers of water a remedy might be found, but they are chiefly skilled labourers, earners of good wages, who need never be out of work, and who, if turned off, would be eagerly snapped up by a rival. Persuasion is useless, for money is no object to men who can make their three, four, and five pounds for a week of five days; resistance is worse than useless, so the tyrannised employers have in their own interests actually to encourage with purse and patronage what in their hearts they detest." The writer thinks that the masses have been set a bad example by the more cultured classes. The moral of the whole question appears to be that we take our pleasures much too seriously. The fact that when we take up anything we should want to do it for all it is worth is very English and very proper under certain circumstances, but when we specialise on our sports to an extent which seriously handicaps our business energy the matter becomes a serious national danger.



Photo, Ward.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL v. LIVERPOOL: The Arsenal score first.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS v. NEW BROMPTON: An exciting moment.

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Antipon
Price 2/6 & 4/6
PERMANENTLY CURES CORPULENCE.

SHEER MERIT
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A BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

There is not the least doubt that Antipon, the great permanent cure for corpulence, is the most brilliantly successful remedy of modern times, and this by sheer force of merit. Its success was indeed foretold by the authorities invited to report upon its ingredients prior to the discovery being made public. These experts were unanimous in their opinion as to the great value of Antipon as a weight-reducer, and also as to its strength-building tonic effects and complete harmlessness. Antipon contains nothing of a mineral or otherwise objectionable nature. It is agreeable to the taste and very refreshing. Briefly, the Antipon treatment is simple, easy, safe and sure; can be followed in strict privacy, and is in every respect a perfect home treatment for the permanent cure of obesity. It has not the slightest disturbing effect upon the stomach or bowels. Antipon, greatest of fat absorbents, is more effective as a tonic than many medicines taken solely for their tonic properties. It perfects the digestive process. It promotes a keen appetite, and requires that the subject under treatment should fully satisfy that appetite with the most nourishing of foods. There are no disagreeable restrictions as to what one may eat. The principle on which the Antipon cure is based is that while the masses of superfluous and unhealthy fat are being eliminated, the system must be thoroughly nourished, the blood made purer, the muscular and nerve tissue strengthened. All this Antipon does with absolute certainty. Hence its conspicuous success. A day and a night after the first dose of Antipon there is already a decrease of weight ranging from 8oz. to 3lb. This is followed by a sure and steady reduction every day until the re-attainment of normal weight and proportions. The doses may then cease altogether, the cure being permanent. It will be found that the disheartening tendency to make fat of everything eaten is lastingly destroyed.

"Antipon" can be had of Chemists Stores & price 2/6 & 4/6 per Bottle, or should any difficulty arise may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free under private package direct from the Sole Manufacturers:
"THE "ANTIPON" CO.,
13, Buckingham St. Strand, London, W.C.

LIONS TO GUARD THE SULTAN'S WIVES.

Shahri Khan, the Sultan of Morocco's lion-keeper, who is also responsible for the safety of the Sultan's 6,000 wives, has lately received orders to let loose at night-fall, in the court-yards surrounding the royal harem, a number of the most savage of his lions.

A HIGHLAND FUNERAL.

Dr. Farquhar Matheson, who in his long and notable career in London was the leading spirit in every Scottish movement, was given an old-fashioned Highland funeral last week at Plockton, in the heart of the Highlands. There was no marshalling of the procession; it formed itself. The pipers came first of all playing a dirge which had a haunting quiver of pain in its recurrent phrases. Then the chief mourner, the son of the dead Highlander, walked alone in front of the coffin, around which clustered clansmen and villagers. So along the winding road by banks and braes flanked by the eternal hills, through some of the loveliest scenery in Scotland, the little procession went until, just by the shores of Loch Duich, were said the last prayers over the body of him whose heart had always been in the hills.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF MALPLAQUET—Next Monday (Sept. 11th) is the one hundred and ninety-sixth anniversary of the Battle of Malplaquet, where the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene defeated the French under Marshal Villars. There were 90,000 men on both sides, and the battle was the bloodiest of the whole war. Our picture shows the Duke of Marlborough driving the "Garde du Corps" off the field.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Giant Mushroom.

A mushroom measuring 30 inches in circumference has been found growing at Thuré, near Poitiers, France.

Hop Paper.

The discovery has been made that good paper can be produced from the refuse of hops that has hitherto been thrown away in breweries.

To Dry Parsley for Winter Use.

Pick the parsley on a dry day, and tie it in bunches. Plunge into boiling salted water, and cook for three or four minutes. Drain, and dry before the fire. Put in dry pickle bottles. When required for use, soak in tepid water for five minutes, and use as usual.

Potatoes that Turn Black.

A difference of opinion has arisen between the Board of Agriculture and potato growers in regard to a discovery recently made of a preventive of potatoes turning black after boiling. The Board has declined to take the matter up on the ground that the discovery does not pertain to agriculture. Growers, on the other hand, attach great importance to it, and a petition to the President embodying their views has been influentially signed at Peterborough Market.

The End of the Horse.

Some strange revelations were made at King's Lynn regarding the traffic in worn-out horses. A man was charged with travelling an old and diseased horse which could hardly stagger along. The man stated that he bought the animal for 35s., and was leading it to an adjacent village, where there is a knacker. The horse was worth 15s. to him if he got it there alive, but he would only get 5s. profit if he killed it in the town and conveyed the carcase to the buyer. Hundreds of these worn-out horses were shipped alive to Antwerp for food.

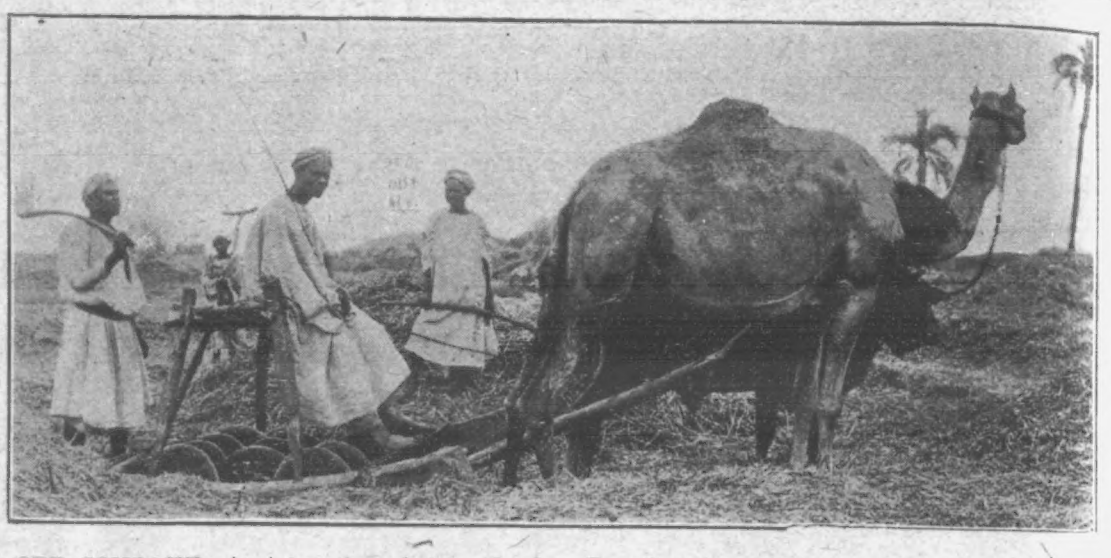
Wayside Vegetables.

Bracken shoots may masquerade as asparagus on the dinner table, but these do not complete the list of substitutes which may be found in the wayside hedges to serve as vegetables. Miss Phœbe Allen says in the *Daily Telegraph*:—"The stalks of the greater burdock, stripped of their rind whilst they are still tender, and the young shoots and stems of Solomon's Seal will be even more satisfactorily, whilst those who have ever tasted 'mock asparagus soup' made from the roots of the yellow goat's beard could desire no better substitute for the garden aristocrat.

"Then, again, in the case of the common nettle. This will not only furnish a delightful green vegetable, equal to spinach—especially when dressed with the addition of a little sorrel—but if nettles are earthed up, as gardeners treat celery, the young stems can be made so white and tender that when cooked they pass easily for seakale."

A Forgotten Royal Palace.

Midway between Cheam and Ewell, in a well-wooded park, stands a castellated mansion, built in imitation of the Elizabethan style about a hundred years ago. This is Nonsuch Park, and the name is about all that is left to recall what was at one time the most splendid Royal residence in England. It is curious how few people nowadays have ever heard of Nonsuch Palace, yet not only was it the wonder of its day, but its story is interesting, and it was the scene of several incidents which have passed into history. The story of Nonsuch commences in 1538, when Henry VIII., whilst hunting in the neighbourhood, was entertained by Sir John Codyngton, and, pleased with the day's sport and its surroundings, acquired the estate from his host by his favourite method of exchanging for it one of which he had grown weary. The adjacent villagers were evicted, their homes and the parish church pulled down, and the domain formed into two hunting parks, which, later on, were attached to the "honour" of Hampton Court. Meantime, on the site of the former manor of Cuddington was commenced what was intended to be the most wonderful palace of its time. Henry died while the palace was still far from completed; though, no doubt, part of it was fit for occupation in his lifetime, for there is some evidence that he resided there with Anne.



ODD COMPANY: An interesting photograph of an Egyptian straw-cutting machine, to which are harnessed a camel and a bull.

Photo, Frith.

A FORGOTTEN ROYAL PALACE: Nonsuch Park, at Cheam, once a palace of King Henry VIII., and intended by him to be the most wonderful palace of the time. He died before its completion.

The Homing Pigeon.

A great deal of interest is now being taken in the breeding and training of homers, although as a sport, long-distance pigeon-racing is little more than a quarter of a century old. The real racing strain was introduced into England from Belgium, and many of the most successful birds of to-day are descendants of Belgian importations. The breeding of pigeons is a very simple matter, and the hobby can be indulged in by people who have a spare loft or a suitable place to keep the birds. Naturally they require to be kept perfectly clean and healthy, and for racing purposes they must be exercised regularly by their owners exactly in the same manner as racehorses have to be exercised preparatory to running a race, and, in addition to the exercise which is taken at home by flying round in circles, their training has to be most carefully and methodically carried out. It takes from four to five years really to make a good racing pigeon. Pigeons, of course, cannot be reared in incubators like fowls or other classes of poultry, for the reason that the young pigeon is dependent on a milky-like substance fed to it for the first eight or ten days of its existence by its parents. The incubation of the egg takes eighteen days, and twenty-eight days after hatching the young pigeon is old enough to leave its parents and find its own way about.

Photo, Topical.

THE STAG-HUNTING SEASON: The huntsman and pack of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, photographed at last week's meet.

Flowers Without Soil.

Everyone is familiar with the method of growing mustard and cress upon a strip of damp flannel, but Mr. B. Y. Hyde in the *Penny Magazine* tells of numerous other plants that thrive upon a watery diet in the early stages of growth. Bird seed will produce a miniature jungle upon a damp sponge. The long, delicate stems of the flax plant may be artistically utilised for a time as a handsome decoration with the aid of a little linseed, a penny sponge, and some china or glass ornament. Miniature oak trees can be forced from acorns in the tiny vases specially constructed for the purpose. In the same way a variety of other things, including the prosaic onion and the carrot of commerce, only need moisture to make them sprout. The latter is by no means to be despised for ornamental purposes—a most effective, fern-like plant can be developed from it.

Select a large carrot, cut it through about 2 inches from the top; then carefully scoop out the interior, taking pains not to puncture the outside skin, make a little sling out of copper wire and place the carrot in it head downwards and fill with water, ornament with a scrap of coloured paper, and hang in a shady window. The result will surprise you, and you will have many inquiries as to where you obtained your handsome "fern."

Hyacinths are, perhaps, the best known and most delightful flowers that can be grown to perfection without soil. Their beauty and fragrance are almost unrivalled.

Tuition of Poultry Farmers.

At the present time there is a very large and apparently increasing demand for working fatteners, men who are qualified to deal with table poultry in all its branches, and good wages can be obtained. For good workers, such as sons of small farmers and better-class labourers, this industry offers at the present time an excellent opportunity. The University College, Reading, has therefore arranged for a special course upon the college poultry farm, Theale, designed to meet the requirements of those who have had some experience with general poultry keeping and fattening, and who desire to increase their knowledge. The course will begin on Thursday, October 5th, 1905, and finish on Wednesday, November 15th, 1905. The class will be limited to twelve students, and only men can be accepted. Should the number of entries be insufficient, the college reserves the right to postpone the course. The work will be chiefly practical, embracing trough feeding, cramming, killing, plucking, shaping, dressing, and trussing. Training will be given in the making of cages, shaping boards, packages, etc. Occasional lectures will be given dealing with foods and feeding, selection of birds, diseases, and marketing. Board and lodging for students can be arranged in the village of Theale, by the college, at a cost of 15s. per week. Registration fee, 1s. Tuition fee for the course, £6, payable in advance to the Registrar.

Side Lines for Farmers.

By John Glenfield.

The busy bee is responsible for the income of many a poor old country woman, and not a few farmers increase their revenues by keeping half a dozen hives. Bee-keepers are quite agreed that the insects are very profitable so far as they go, but the over-turn is not sufficiently large for huge makings. But why should not every farmer keep a hundred hives instead of the usual six? The bees' keep costs practically nothing, and with a little atention they will turn out splendid honey, for which there is always a good market.

I know one farmer who increases his income to a considerable extent by breeding ferrets. He had only the initial expense of purchasing the original father and mother of his present score of ferrets; their food, milk and bread, costs him practically nothing. He inserts advertisements in the sporting papers, and, having once made a name as a ferret breeder, he easily sells his animals at a high price.

The rearing of fancy poultry is another money-maker. The fine birds will cost something to buy, but their keep will be no more than that of the ordinary hens which crowd every farmyard. While common fowls can be sold only to the poulterer, the well-bred ones are eagerly sought for by fanciers. In the same way it pays well to breed fancy pigeons. About a farm their food costs nothing, and the price obtained for them is always high. The method of selling them is the same as with ferrets—insert an advertisement in the right papers.

If a farm is near a town, it will pay its occupier to turn some part of it into a market garden. For vegetables and flowers there is always a demand, and if one can only make a name as a fruit raiser, there will be an eager competition amongst the neighbouring retail merchants for the sole right of selling one's wares. This sort of contract pays the farmer well.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

The Story of the Play.

Yesterday (Thursday) evening, the first performance took place at Drury Lane Theatre of the long-anticipated "Prodigal Son." The drama is the story of two families in Iceland, whereof one contains two sons, and the other two daughters. The younger son of the one family (Oscar) and the younger daughter of the other (Helga) are sent to England and to Denmark to be educated; and in the absence of these two the elder son, Magnus, and the elder daughter, Thora, are engaged to be married, by an arrangement chiefly made between the fathers of the young people, who are life-long friends—the father of the boys being Stephen Magnusson, the Governor-General of Iceland, and the father of the girls Oscar Neilsen, the principal merchant (commonly called the Factor) of the Icelandic capital.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau

Mr. Hall Caine, the author of "The Prodigal Son," leaving Drury Lane Theatre with his daughter.

This has happened before the play begins, and when the curtain rises on the first act we are in an inn-farm, which is the property of the Governor, and is farmed by Magnus. It is the day fixed for the public betrothal of Magnus and Thora, for the signing of the marriage contract, and for the festivities associated herewith. But at this moment the younger brother, Oscar, returns from England (where he has been educated for the profession of music), and it is at once apparent that, without intending to do harm, he introduces the first note of discord.

Oscar believes he loves Thora: he is sure she does not love Magnus, and he is in the act of reproving her for not protesting against being drawn into a loveless marriage, when Magnus appears on the scene.

The discovery that Thora does not love him is a staggering surprise to Magnus, who loves Thora passionately, but after a great struggle he determines to give her up to Oscar, thus deciding in favour of the girl's happiness against his own. In order to do this, and at the same time to save Thora from the anger of her father, he takes upon himself (during the ceremony of the attempted betrothal) the odium of repudiating the contract devised by the fathers, and so leads the two families to conclude that he is acting from motives of the meanest selfishness, and practically refusing the girl for whom his heart is breaking.

Oscar steps out and offers to take the place which Magnus refuses, and to marry Thora if she will accept him, whereupon Thora, torn by conflicting impulses of love for Oscar, desires to keep her word with Magnus, and self-reproach at sight of the magnanimity by which he takes all the blame of repudiating the contract upon himself in order to save her from the displeasure of the old people, accepts Oscar, and the betrothal which was intended for Magnus and Thora is carried out in the persons of Thora and Oscar instead.

But having gone through this ordeal Magnus concluded by making his own secret terms with his brother—namely, that if Oscar should ever fail in his love for the girl who has been given up to him, ever neglect her or desert her for another woman, he, Magnus, will kill him!

When the second act begins, Oscar and Thora have taken Helga, Thora's beautiful and clever sister, to live with them, and Helga has fallen in love with her sister's husband, and he, after a struggle to be loyal to his wife, has fallen in love with her. He has also fallen a victim to her vanity and her mania for gambling, and to pay her debts at Nice he has allowed himself to sign a note of hand in his father's name, and to witness it in the name of his father-in-law.

The consequences of Oscar's conduct and of the tragic tangle of his affections fall on all of them. The bank which has advanced money on the note of hand finds reasons to doubt the signatures and sends an agent to Iceland to verify them. Magnus meets with this man just at the moment when he has become conscious of Oscar's failure of loyalty to his wife, and seeing that Helga is the first cause of trouble he demands that Oscar shall turn her out of the house. This Oscar refuses to do on the ground that there is no sin in their relations.

At this point Thora realises that the love of her husband has been taken away from her by her sister, and just as she had made Magnus suffer by deserting him for Oscar so she herself suffers in her turn when Oscar deserts her for Helga.

Thora is stricken down by the discovery, and dies in giving birth to a child, whereupon Magnus resolves to carry out his threat of destroying Oscar for the wrong he has done to Thora. To this end a weapon lies ready at his hand, and, going to his father, he denounces his brother for the forgery of the Governor's name.

But Magnus has counted without parental affection. Oscar is the Governor's favourite son, and he cannot stand by while the boy is sent to prison. To save the prodigal from the penalty of the law he determines to acknowledge the forged signature and to liquidate the debt by mortgaging the only real estate he possesses. The estate to be mortgaged is the inn-farm, which Magnus has regarded as his rightful inheritance, so that his scheme of vengeance recoils on his own head, and the only punishment that falls on Oscar is that he is banished from Iceland and cut off from his family and people.

The wild irony of fate which brings matters to this pass intoxicates Magnus with rage, and, going back to his old idea of killing his brother if he should desert Thora for another woman, Magnus breaks out of his mother's arms, and, seizing a gun, goes in pursuit of Oscar, intending to take his life.

Then the scene changes, and we are in the death-chamber itself. All is peaceful and beautiful. Thora lies as if asleep, with candles burning above her, and at the foot of the bed Oscar is kneeling with his face buried in the bed-clothes and his body shaken by sobs. The door of the bedroom is burst open, and Magnus enters with wild eyes, holding the gun in his hands. He sees Oscar, then Thora, and stops suddenly as if an unseen hand out of Heaven had seized him. There is a breathless moment, and then Magnus drops to his knees, the gun falls to the ground, and, with a great burst of relief, he cries, "Thank God!"

Five years are supposed to elapse between Acts II. and III., and when the curtain rises on the third Act we are in a casino on the Riviera, where Oscar is filling the function of conductor of orchestra, and Helga is preparing for the career of prima donna under the management of a fellow countryman, Neils Finsen.

Here Oscar reaps as he has sown, for he finds that the woman for whose love he has sacrificed honour, friends, career, is being drawn off from him by the attraction of another man's success and fortune—thus suffering as he had made Thora suffer when he allowed himself to be drawn off from her by the attraction of Helga's beauty and talent.

In order to regain his hold of Helga he falls at length before a temptation thrust upon him to cheat at the gaming table. This incident leads to the prodigal's final downfall, and to the report that he has shot himself and is dead. Oscar flies from his unworthy surroundings, but not before he has emancipated himself from the thraldom of his love for Helga.

Being now dead to the world and even to his own family, Oscar resolves to take a new name and begin a new life. He determines to employ his one gift of music, to compose operas on the sagas of Iceland, and so to win the fame and fortune which will enable him to return to his own country and wipe out the blank record of his former life, repay the money which has so deeply involved the family, and make his people happy.

Above all, he hopes to recover his child, to be a father to her, and to make it up to her for all he has done amiss to her mother, who is dead. Thus, in his remorse, he sees himself [illegible] not penniless, but rich and able to make amends.

When the curtain rises on the fourth act, ten years have passed since the scene on the Riviera, and we are back in the simple, natural, human atmosphere of the inn-farm. It is on the point of being sold up. It is the night before the day fixed for the auction, and the sheriff, on going away after making his inventory, tells Magnus that if the overdue interest can be paid before nine o'clock the following morning, he will not go on with the sale. Then the audience realises that if a traveller with so much money could come to the inn-farm that night, Magnus, in the utter collapse of his moral nature under the blows of fate, would not hesitate to take it, whatever the crime or consequence. A traveller does come. It is Oscar himself.

His family do not recognise him, as he has come to the inn-farm as a stranger. Christian Christiansson, a name famous throughout Iceland as that of a great Icelandic composer who lives in England. He sees that the hope he has chiefly set his heart upon—that of the recovery of his daughter—is a vain one. She loves Magnus as if he were her father, and will not part from him at any temptation of comfort and wealth. As he has done, so he is being done by. As he has taken the mother's love from the brother, so his brother, after many years, has taken his daughter's love from him.

At length the penitent prodigal finds a way to meet the material needs of his people, and, having done this, he escapes from the house without betraying his identity.

The end of the drama is a happy one. A boisterous company bursts into the inn-farm in the early morning with the joyful news that the stranger who has come back to Iceland is none other than Oscar himself. When it is realised that he has gone, leaving behind him a pocket-book which contains enough to pay all debts and buy back the farm four times over, they reconcile themselves to his departure by thinking that this was his way of breaking the news to them that he was not dead, but alive, and that he will come back.

In this joyful feeling they sit down to breakfast, a united and merry company, and, while the picture darkens on this scene of happiness, a tableau is revealed at the back. On a mountain pass a man is seen ascending. It is Oscar. The church bells are heard very faint as if far away in the valley below. He stops to listen, then goes on a few paces. After a moment there is the sound of singing in the distance. He stops again and smiles as one who is happy and satisfied.

The prodigal has fulfilled expectations; he has wiped the tears from all eyes; he has provided for the material necessities of his people, and he has left happiness and warm comfort behind him, as his reparation to the dear ones he has injured. And now, for his atonement to God, he is going away alone, stripped of everything, and unknown to anyone.

MRS. HALL CAINE, the wife of the famous novelist, whose play, "The Prodigal Son," was produced at Drury Lane this week; photographed at a friend's house by the sea-side.

Photo, Park.

"THE PRODIGAL SON": The flock of sheep that appear in Mr. Hall Caine's play at Drury Lane.

Photo, Park.

"THE PRODIGAL SON": Billy, the leader of the flock of sheep in the new Drury Lane production, is jealous of his fellow actor, the goat, which is Miss Hall Caine's pet in the play.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Why Business Girls are Ungracious.

It is very generally acknowledged that business girls are apt to be ungracious, and even actually uncivil, to those with whom they come in contact in the course of their work. Yet those same girls are, most probably, quite agreeable members of the home circle, and very charming in society.

Why is it that Post Office girls are proverbial for want of civility? Why is it that women engaged in business are often positively aggressive?

It is not men only who complain of this. Ladies often declare that they prefer to deal with men in all matters of business rather than with members of their own sex.

The girls who go to business may be divided into two classes—those whom circumstances oblige to earn their own living and those who wish to escape the monotony of domestic life, to make a little pocket-money, and to feel independent of their parents' control.

There are many girls who go into business from a vague idea that it is a "genteel" occupation, superior to dressmaking or millinery, or domestic service. They think they will have more liberty, and come in contact with more young men than would be possible in any other occupation.

Marriage is their real aim in life, and they perform their duties in a careless, perfunctory manner, just sufficiently well to escape dismissal.

They are generally very young, fresh from school, and with all the pertness and flippancy characteristic of the average schoolgirl. They think rudeness wit, and an aggressive demeanour the best way of maintaining their dignity.

Business life is not suitable for girls. They are too highly strung, too full of nerves. The strain is too great for them to bear quietly; the worry "gets on their nerves," as the phrase goes, and the girls snap and snarl at all with whom they come in contact.

It is not that they are naturally disagreeable; it is merely that they are suffering so acutely from nervous irritability that ungracious speech seems a positive relief.

There are, however, some girls who have a natural aptitude for business who can bear the worry and strain without their nerves being upset, who look at things in the same impersonal way a man does; whose unerring tact enables them to see at once that what the girls above referred to consider just provocation, is but the hurried manner of a business man whose time is literally money, and calls for no aggressiveness on their part.

It is not that this latter class of girl does not resent real impertinence, as all human beings do, but as business is the sphere for which they are specially fitted, they are able to look at the matter from a business point of view, and not with the eye of a private individual.

This is the woman, who, knowing her own position and her usefulness in it, is able to hold her own when necessary, neither sullenly nor arrogantly, but with a pleasant adaptability to the particular temper with which she is dealing, no overpowering sense of being lowered or feeling of having raised herself disturbs the equanimity of her nerves.

Tact and observation, then, are the best qualifications a business woman can possess, in lieu of a man's aptitude for business, trade, and calculation, and the trouble of the present day seems to lie in the fact that girls rush into business almost before their school days are over. Tact requires unselfishness as its daily companion, and the average schoolgirl is self-centred to the core.

After all, the old-fashioned idea that "Home is the woman's sphere" has a great deal of truth in it, and even the cleverest and most successful business woman would own, if she spoke the absolute truth, that no day-dream is sweeter to her than the one every true-hearted girl dreams of—a home of her very own, and a husband to love and care for her.

Don't Fuss Your Children.

Children are often made irritable and troublesome by their too attentive and anxious mothers. A child should be let alone to play and amuse itself in its own fashion, without constant directions from its mother.

Anyone who has watched a child at play, either boy or girl, will soon discover that a large number of its games are purely a matter of imagination, and that its pet toys are not those which its elders would choose for it, but are of the simplest description, which only the imagination of a child could make attractive.

A fussy mother, by insisting on her small son "walking properly," will often spoil the most delightful game of "pretend," in which the child will reproduce, as far as possible, all the kickings and prancing of a restive horse.

Thus she spoils innocent and healthy enjoyment, and by hindering his imitation of the manners and customs of a horse in his play she discourages the child from making use of the faculty of observation—a faculty which once repressed will with difficulty be roused when needed for the practical work of life.

Toys of a child's own choosing, and very often of his own making, are the best for it, and they need not be numerous. A little wooden hammer was the dearest inanimate friend of one small boy; it was with him by night and by day, and again and again, doubtless, opened the doors of Fairyland to him, and brought him joy beyond the conception of his prosaic elders.

Another little child's pet toy was a dolly made of a baby's vest. It never looked like anything but a vest to anyone but its little owner, but for all that it was dearly loved, and it proved the best of playfellows, for it was always equal to being whatever its owner desired in any game of "pretend."

There is no game more attractive than that to an intelligent child, but it is one which is often spoiled, or rendered impossible, by well-meaning, but too fussy, mothers and nurses, and then they wonder why Tommy or Molly isn't good-tempered and is so difficult to amuse!

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

MARRIAGE OF THE HON. ARTHUR LYULPH STANLEY, eldest son of Lord Stanley, with Miss Margaret Evans Gordon at Ightham Church: Villagers dragging the bridal carriage from the church.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

The Stanley — Evans Gordon Wedding: Village children as bridesmaids.

Don't Wear Black in Hot Weather.

A French authority has made an interesting discovery. He had two thermometers—one of ordinary glass, and the other painted black—placed in the sun. In the white glass the mercury went up to 144. Under the black paint it went up to 157 in the same position. The inference is that those who wear black clothing in the sunshine feel some thirty degrees more heat than those who are clad in white.

Photo, Balak.

The Stanley — Evans Gordon Wedding: The bride and bridegroom leaving the church.

To Cover Jam Pots Easily.

Brush white of egg over white kitchen paper, cut into pieces of proper size, and cover the pots while they are hot. The paper will stick tightly, and be air-proof like parchment.

Vegetable Marrow Jam.

This uncommon preserve is made with lemon, ginger, and vegetable marrow. Boil the lemons until perfectly tender, take them up, cut in half lengthwise and again into quarters, scoop out the pulp, removing all pips, cut the peel into thin strips. Have ready some peeled and sliced vegetable marrow. Take some of the liquor in which the lemons were boiled, weigh the lemon peel, etc., and marrow, and to every pound allow eighteen ounces of sugar and three quarters of an ounce of ground ginger. Make a syrup, and when thick and well-skimmed put in the marrow, lemon peel and pulp. Boil very gently until the marrow is quite soft, store in clean, dry jars, cover with paper dipped in brandy, and tie bladders over.

Sloe Gin.

For a small quantity of liquor it is best to use ordinary gin and whisky bottles. Pick the sloes over they should be fully ripe—discarding any shrivelled or bruised ones, prick them with a darning needle, then half fill bottles with them. Pound one ounce of sugar-candy, strew in it five or six blanched and chopped almonds and a clove; add this to the sloes, and fill up the bottles with gin. Cork down and put away for three or four months, then strain off the liqueur and re-bottle it. This may be, drunk at once, but, of course, it improves with age, and if made every year the bottles should be labelled with the date.

French Beans à la Crème.

Cut two pounds of French beans very thin, and boil carefully till almost done, then drain till perfectly dry. Put one ounce of butter into a stew-pan, and mix into it the same quantity of flour. When dissolved, add one gill of veal stock, stir till all boils, and then add a gill of cream and again bring to the boil. Mix the boiled beans into the sauce and put the lid on the pan. Before serving grate in a suspicion of lemon rind and a squeeze of the juice. Season with pepper and salt, and serve very hot. Garnish with crescent-shaped pieces of fried bread as a border and scatter chopped tomato over all.

Chicken à la Josephine.

Clean, stuff, and truss a fowl as for roasting. Dredge it with seasoned flour. Cut three or four ounces of salt pork into thin slices, and put half of it on the bottom of a deep stew-pan, with a sliced carrot and an onion. Stir these over the fire till they begin to colour, then put the fowl in and the rest of the pork over it. Place the stew-pan in a hot oven for twenty minutes, then add sufficient white stock to half cover the bird, and a bouquet of herbs. Dredge well with flour. Cover the pan and return to the oven. Cook slowly for an hour, basting carefully every ten minutes. Then turn over the fowl and cook a little longer. In all, this dish takes two hours to cook. Serve with the strained sauce, freed from fat, thickened and coloured a good brown. Garnish the dish with sprigs of watercress.

Grilled Cod.

Ingredients: One pound and a half of cod steaks, pepper and salt, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one ounce of butter, dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, a little lemon juice.

Take half-inch thick slices of cod, brush over each with salad oil, and then dredge thickly with flour, season with pepper and salt. Stand in a cool place for about half an hour. Broil the steaks over a clear fire, taking great care that they do not burn, for about ten minutes. While the fish is cooking, wash and finely chop some parsley and mix it into a paste with twice the quantity of butter, season with cayenne pepper, salt, and a squeeze of lemon juice. When the cod is done place it on a hot dish, and on each steak put a small lump of the parsley butter.

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

The Craze for Shops.

Shops are London's craze. This may be seen in London's suburbs where, if two hundred houses are built, up goes a row of thirty-five shops.—*Footwear.*

Hats in Church.

No wonder that churches are empty and that irreligion is rampant in the land when a clergyman paints the Almighty as a Deity who "takes offence" at the sight of a woman without her hat!—G. R. Sims in *The Referee.*

Seaside Apartments.

One of the most valuable characteristics of the average seaside lodging-house is the impossibility of living in it. It drives you out into the open it may be in spite of yourself.—Dr Robertson Wallace, in the *Young Man.*

Our Girls Still Growing.

Of course the suitability of dress depends to a great extent on the build, figure, height, and other characteristics of the person to be dressed. When a girl is taller or shorter, more fully developed or less so, than other girls of her age, she is exceptionally difficult to dress as girls of her age should be. There is a danger, just now apparent, that the English girl will grow too much. She is already head and shoulders over her parents, and if such a state of affairs continues, this little England will become an island of female giants. When the tall girl has stopped growing she is far more easy to dress gracefully and effectively than her short sister, but during the period of her growth paterfamilias becomes alarmed at the expense. For no sooner is a gown made, and worn perhaps once, than the young lady in her teens has grown out of it, and unless she is to appear in a dress that is shockingly short, she can wear it no longer.—Harry Furniss in *The Gentlewoman.*

Do Women Deteriorate After Marriage?

It is not only in the matter of personal appearance, but still more in regard to games, interests, and accomplishments, that women fail after marriage. A girl has, perhaps, a very fine voice: she takes great care of it; sacrifices something to procure good lessons; practises regularly, and probably values it really beyond its actual merit. When she is married, this is changed. From the depths of a sofa, where she is languidly perusing a novel, she informs her friends that she has no time to keep up her music or singing. As to her former occupations, games, entertainments, social calls, and philanthropic interests—well, she is busy with household duties in the morning, perhaps she has been out scolding the butcher and other trying tradesmen, and she really cannot bestir herself again in the afternoon. As a rule, there is no being on the face of the earth so unsociable as a newly married wife, and no one so absolutely engrossed in her home, to the utter neglect of her surroundings, as the young mother.—Lady Phyllis in *The Bystander.*

Woman as a Companion.

To ask a man whether he would rather talk with a man or a woman is to invite a frivolous retort. But a writer in the *Cornhill* is sufficiently daring to say that he prefers masculine conversation. There is, he says, "a kind of simple openness, an equal comradeship," in talking with men which he finds it difficult to attain in the case of women. He does not echo the complaint made by another recent critic of the sex, that you can no more talk seriously with a woman than you can bowl fast to her at cricket; but perhaps that consideration also was present to his mind. No doubt a woman would reply that you can no more discuss hats seriously with a man than you can get him to lunch on tea and pastry; and we admit the force of the argument. Fortunately for the world, our talk, like our seaside bathing, is "mixed," and most of us have a fair choice of women with whom to pursue stimulating, and of men with whom to enjoy restful, conversation. It is true that the inveterate antagonism—which is not the same thing as hostility—of the sexes comes out as much in conversation as anything else. The difference of the woman's view is natural and inevitable, and she is, perhaps, more impatient than the man at the hopelessness of being "misunderstood."—*Evening Standard.*

A thrilling tale of the invasion of England by the Germans, aided by an alien rising in London.

THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

STERN JUSTICE.

By this time a remarkable state of things existed in Great Britain, for there were no factions, no political parties. The common danger had made all classes one, and in so far as human nature allowed, caste distinctions were abolished. Here and there, it is true, were carpers and waverers, men who, for very love of peace and fear of war and bloodshed, would have favoured a dishonourable surrender or compromise; but with these rare exceptions the heart of the nation beat true to one great purpose only and that was to die to the last man rather than yield, and to consider no sacrifice too great to sweep the invader back into the sea which he had dared to cross.

Throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom martial-law held sway, and there were many things punishable with death which in time of peace and security had been accounted only light offences.

The Army Act was in operation and by its provisions every person was subject to the punishment of death for certain offences and to imprisonment for others which were less grave.

Acts for raising forces for apprehended invasions a century ago, which had been in abeyance, were now put into operation and every man either by personal service or contributions had become liable to duty. It was significant of the spirit and loyalty of the nation that there was not a man who was physically capable of bearing arms who failed to respond to the call upon him. The difficulty was to repress the ardour of the men who were unable to bear the strain and stress of active service.

No compulsion had been found necessary. At the first signal of danger there had been an enthusiastic rush for service, and regiments came into existence which were recruited with officers and men who had been in the Regular forces and most of whom had seen foreign or active service. Of officers and men alone who had fought or served in South Africa a considerable army was available.

With amazing quickness they became, if not perfect, at least serviceable fighting units, and even those who had been long absent from the colours and the parade were moulded in two or three weeks' time into valuable troops. But it has been made clear already that most of the work fell upon the Regular troops, and that these outside bodies were of value chiefly because they acted as a feeder for the fighting-line. When gaps had to filled up there was a call for volunteers, and for every vacancy there were many applicants.

Most remarkable of all was the growth of a guerilla band of fighters, men selected for their natural ability and adaptiveness, to whom great latitude was given as to movement.

Amongst these light and casual combatants John Steel had won a high place. By nature bold and resourceful, he was by his military training a steady fighter, and circumstances had developed him into an alert and practised harasser of the invader. He was now a sergeant, and stood unrivalled as a destroyer of small detached parties of the enemy. By swift swoops he had cut off numerous convoys and obliterated many bands of raiders. Back in the county which he loved so well, fighting for a cause which was so near his own heart, and burning with a love of country which had grown into a passion, his very name became an inspiration to his followers and a terror to the enemy.

Steel was quietly smoking a pipe outside the door of the building in York in which he was billeted when he was struck by the spectacle of a man walking down Coney Street, towards the country. The figure was, apparently, that of an English infantry officer, and but for one swift view of his face Steel would have allowed him to disappear without further scrutiny.

The officer's demeanour plainly showed that he was thoroughly familiar with the city and that he was at home in its streets. He walked rapidly along, apparently bent on some urgent mission, and, looking neither to right nor left. But Steel saw that for one instant the officer's eyes were turned on him, and that for a fraction of time the man seemed to halt as if he would show recognition. Then the eyes were turned away and the the right hand instinctively went up to the face as if to conceal that side of it which was visible to Steel.

Steel put his pipe away with a soft whistle of amazement, but he did not move until the figure had disappeared round the corner. Then he darted down a narrow side street, rushed along the river bank, and up another side street, the top of which he reached in time to confront the hurrying officer. He stepped arbuptly in front of him and saluted.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "But have you come from the direction of the station?"

"No," replied the tall man abruptly.

"I was going to ask," continued Steel, "if you have heard anything of the German retreat towards the coast? They tell me that that is what is going on."

"I have heard nothing," was the growled reply. "Please let me pass. I bear important news for my superior officer, and I must not on any account be delayed."

He stepped aside and made as if he would brush past Steel. As he did so Steel noticed that his hand sought his revolver.

"You must be rather strange to these parts," said Steel, "because there is no superior officer that way." He pointed towards the country as he spoke.

"But I say there is," said the officer angrily.

"Your information is good, but not recent enough," continued Steel. "It is only yesterday that orders were given for officers to remove all signs of rank. There is not an English officer in York who does not know the order, so that a man who still wears a collar badge, say, is, well——" He laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you mean?" demanded the officer savagely.

"I mean, for one thing," answered Steel, "that the headquarters you pretend to speak of were changed this morning from the station to the Guild-hall, which is just here. Ah!" He sprang a step forward and seized the officer's wrist. "Too late!" he laughed. "You should have shot first, because you spotted me as soon as I spotted you, and that was when you were swaggering down the street a minute ago and looked across. By Greorge! Captain Mahler, but I'm pleased to meet you once more, for I have a score to settle with you!"

"I yield," said Mahler, for it was he, "to the fortune of war. I am a prisoner."

"Yes," answered Steel grimly, "you're a prisoner right enough."

"War is war," continued the captain, "and I must submit to my fate." He shrugged his shoulders.

"You take it easy," said Steel in surprise. "I don't think I should feel quite as comfortable in your shoes."

"It is nothing," said Mahler. "I am made harmless for the rest of the war."

"Yes," said Steel, slowly, "and a good deal longer than that."

"I do not follow you. I am a prisoner of war," asserted Mahler.

Steel laughed abruptly. "We are not making prisoners," he said, "and even if we were you would be an exception. You are a spy, Captain Mahler."

The foreigner shrank back a pace, then pulled himself haughtily up. "I cannot discuss these matters with you," he said.

"Oh, yes, you can, by way of preliminaries," said Steel. "Come back with me to the place where my company is billeted. It will save you trouble," he added significantly.

Mahler silently obeyed, and accompanied Steel to the building in which the company was quartered. Amongst the men were two men who were with Steel when the trouble first arose in London which heralded the rising and paved the way for the invasion. One of these was the coster, now a smart sharpshooter.

Steel went straight up to the private. "Come here," he said. "I want you to look at a friend of ours."

The private obeyed and walked smartly up to the captive. A puzzled look came over his face.

"I can't place him," said the private. "The uniform's all right, but there's something wrong in the general 'ang."

"Suppose the beard was cut away, what would you see?" asked Steel.

The private went close to the prisoner. "Why, perish me!" he exclaimed. "I should see weals! This is one of the foreigners who gave us socks in good old London!"

"And has been sent into the North to help his own people who landed on the Yorkshire coast," said Steel. "I suppose the reason for that is that he's spent a good deal of time in the North and knows the country well."

"What's he here for?" asked the private.

"Spying," answered Steel curtly.

"I suppose he knows the punishment?" asked the private.

"He will soon learn," answered Steel in a hard voice. "Stand clear, there, you men," he ordered, for some of the sharpshooters were crowding round the prisoner. "Now, Captain Mahler, I will take your revolver. Don't hesitate. You will gain nothing by holding back and refusing to do as you are told."

The weapon was grudgingly delivered, with muttered curses.

"Now your papers," added Steel.

"I have none," the prisoner asserted in thick tones. His brow glistened, and a deadly pallor was overspreading his face.

By way of answer Steel stepped forward and took from the tunic of the captive a bundle of papers the edge of which had caught his eye. Amongst them, as he saw, were details of the defence of the city and plans of the streets and buildings, down to the minutest alley. There were also carefully made plans of the chief Yorkshire towns and memoranda of the amounts in gold and silver which were likely to be found, even yet, in some of the principal banks. Clear, precise details were furnished, too, of the resources

PEARLS BY THE PINT.—Mr. V. C. Scott O'Connor, the Comptroller of Assam, says that there is a trader, named Ushway, at a pearling town near the mouth of the Irrawaddy river who owns more pearls, and bigger ones, than any man living. Twenty-five years ago Ushway was a poor, ragged "beachcomber." One day he was wandering disconsolately on the strand of a small uncharted island in the Mergui Archipelago when his attention was arrested by a series of piercing shrieks. Rushing to the spot whence they proceeded, he discovered in the water a young native girl in the clutches of a huge devil-fish. She had been bathing, and had been gripped by the lurking monster. Without hesitation Ushway drew his big sailor's clasp-knife, and gave battle to the monster, ultimately killing it. The girl's father, who proved to be a sort of chief amongst the islanders, gave his daughter in marriage to her preserver, and set all his people fishing for pearls to furnish her with a wedding portion.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

ASTHMA,

BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION,

and other Throat and Lung Troubles, Stomach and Liver Disorders, &c., &c.,

ABSOLUTELY AND PERMANENTLY CURED

By the New "NATURE" Cure.

90,000 CASES

ALREADY SUCCESSFULLY TREATED,

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to prove that any testimonial I publish is a bona-fide extract from the patient's own letter.

Incredible as many of the statements seem, they represent only what is actually occurring daily, as a result of the Weidhaas "Nature" treatment of disease, the basic principle of which is, assisting Nature's recuperative forces, instead of trusting to coercive and artificial powers.

The most perfect vindication of my claim to cure disease is to be found in the fact that I have successfully treated upwards of 90,000 cases, many of which were certified as being chronic and beyond all hope of recovery. Remember, these are not idle boasts—they are facts which I am always ready and willing to prove, and in view of such evidences of the wonderful efficacy of my new treatment, any doubt or prejudice on the part of a sufferer is little short of criminal folly.

I am aware that when I say I can ABSOLUTELY AND PERMANENTLY CURE such dread disorders as Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, etc., I am making a very great and grave statement; and I ask not that you should accept it on the strength of my assurance, but that in your own interest you should searchingly investigate the matter, and satisfy yourself before coming to a decision.

MY NEW BOOK

explains the treatment fully, and contains a large number of testimonials—some from persons suffering in the same way as yourself—also much useful information. I will send you a copy of it

FREE AND UNDER COVER

if you send me your address.

Remember, my "Nature" treatment, although infinitely more effective than any other treatment ever devised, is at the same time so extremely economical as to bring it within reach of all classes, and it can be adopted without the slightest interference with one's daily occupation.

READ THIS

A Solemn Declaration before a

COMMISSIONER FOR OATHS.

The following statement (one out of thousands received) has been solemnly declared before a COMMISSIONER FOR OATHS; and its accuracy vouched for by one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace:

Dear Sir,—About eight years ago I had Bleeding of the Lungs, and my physician pronounced me Consumptive. I have had an attack of Bleeding from the Lungs every August for six years; the last bleeding occurred about two years ago, and at that time I vomited about one pint of blood from the lungs. My doctor said I could not have vomited more and lived. Four years ago I was examined by a physician, who said I had two years to live. I always felt tired and exhausted when doing my work. I was laid up several times, the shortest eight weeks, the longest, seven months, and also had Night Sweats. My friends had given me up, and I thought there was no cure. Two years ago I commenced the Weidhaas Home Treatment, and to-day I never felt better and stronger in my life. I have not had the slightest bleeding from the Lungs since I commenced this treatment. Two physicians have recently examined my Lungs, and have failed to find the least trace of Consumption. You may make what use you like of this statement for the sake of others who suffer in a similar way.

Kidderminster. (Signed) E. FOSTER.

CONSUMPTION & BLOOD SPITTING PRONOUNCED CURED BY TWO PHYSICIANS

Witness to the Signature,
A. F. HARDWICK,
A Commissioner for Oaths
(BRIGHTON).

I have pleasure in stating that I can testify to the accuracy of the above statement.
A. P. SCRASE,
J.P., for Sussex.

"I am 73 years old and for over 37 years I suffered from Bronchitis, with wheezing, rattling in the chest, and heavy breathing. I got so weak from constant coughing that if I went out walking or went upstairs I would often cough for an hour. I was afraid to do any household work, and the doctor said I should never be cured. I was sometimes in bed for three months at a time, but I could seldom lie down, and if I did I would have to fight for breath. Then I tried your Treatment, and persevered with it, and now I am completely cured. Despite my age, I can still do my domestic work.

CURED AT 73 YEARS OF AGE.

"Lindfield. "Mrs. S. INKPIN."

More than four years later Mrs. Inkpin said: "I have never had the cough since."

(Full address on application.)

If you suffer with any Throat, Lung, Liver, or Stomach trouble, you should

WRITE FOR THE BOOK TO-DAY.

Or, if you have any friends who suffer, it would be an act of humanity and kindness to pass on my book to them or let me send one direct; for, if restoration is possible by any human means,

I CAN CURE

and cure them permanently. Every day I receive letters from old patients telling me that they are still keeping well—a positive proof that my treatment does not merely allay symptoms, but that it eradicates disease.

When writing for the book, send me some particulars of your symptoms, and I will tell you frankly if your case comes within the scope of my Treatment or not, and WITHOUT CHARGE.

REMEMBER, in every case I accept, my 25 years' reputation is at stake.

Write always to the Head Office of the Weidhaas Hygienic Institute, 18 Burgess Hill, near Brighton.

If you prefer a personal Consultation please call at the London Consulting Rooms: PICCADILLY MANSIONS, 17 Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, W. CONSULTING HOURS, 10 to 3 daily.

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Some millionaires would willingly exchange identity with our hard-working men. Why? Simply on the ground of "health." Millions count for little without good health. Dr. Scott's Bilious and Liver Pills bring health wherever they are used; that is why they are better than money. For the cure of Stomach, Liver, Kidney, and Blood derangements which produce many distressing symptoms such as INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, SICKNESS, WIND, ACIDITY, BILIOUSNESS, FULNESS, LIVER COMPLAINT, SPASMS, PAINS ROUND THE HEART, CONSTIPATION, DIZZINESS, PAINS IN THE LOINS, DEBILITY, NERVOUS DEPRESSION, BRAIN FAG, etc., there is no remedy like these famous pills.

Dr. Scott's Bilious and Liver Pills correct these troubles by getting the *organs* right first. They remedy the "cause"; they don't simply allay or suppress the symptoms; they cure *outright!* Ask anybody who has tried them. They will cure *you;* make a new man of you; bring vim and energy back to muscle, nerve and brain; will make you feel 10 years younger. This is not "Advertising Talk," but truth which you can demonstrate by trying them.

Scott's Pills are sold by all Chemists, 1/1½ and 2/9 per Box, done up in green wrapper.

NOTE THAT.

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FWS

of food and clothing and general supply and transport accommodation of the towns and cities and villages.

"You do some things very well in Germany," said Steel. "These were not made in England. And you have taught us quickness in doing some of our own business, too. Are you ready?"

Captain Mahler did not answer. He tried to speak, but his parched mouth gave forth no sound. At last he said: "I do not understand. Take me before your commanding officer."

"Our orders are that any spy caught red-handed is to be put to death at once," said Steel. "You are a known enemy, and if it hadn't been for a lucky sight of you you would have got clear of the city and back to your own camp, with all the knowledge that you've gained as a spy. I admire your pluck in coming into the very den of the lions and feel half sorry that your boldness didn't succeed. It half deserved to. Will you have a handkerchief or see it through?"

The spy did not answer. With all his faults he was a brave man, as he had repeatedly proved, but this was an end he had not anticipated. His pride rose at the manner of his treatment, and when he did at last find speech it was to demand that he should be taken before a superior officer who was competent to deal with a prisoner of his own rank.

"The strange things you see are some of your own bringing about," answered Steel. "I told you that you have taught us how to do some things well, and one is not to show mercy to spies and traitors. Now."

He sternly ordered up a file of men and they fell in on each side of the prisoner. At a signal they marched him to the rear of the building from which a door gave on to a bank of the river. They led him out, and still under Steel's guidance turned him with his back to the stream.

"I will order no man to do what I would not do myself," said Steel. "Stand clear, you men."

The soldiers smartly stepped aside, leaving Mahler isolated.

"We have an account to settle. There is my payment—and so dies a spy and a traitor!"

He raised the captain's own revolver and fired.

Mahler sprang convulsively into the air, then fell back into the river and disappeared in the stream. The ebb carried him slowly away towards the sea over which his countrymen had sailed as invaders, and which now alone afforded them their only slender chance of safety by way of escape.

(To be continued.)

BRIDAL CUSTOMS OF MANY LANDS.

Never give an Italian a wedding present that is sharp or pointed, or the recipient will think you wish to sever your friendship with him or her.

New Year's Eve is the busiest time in Scotland for marriages to take place; the Scotch believe in the young couple leaving their old life behind them with the old year, and starting afresh on New Year's Day.

Germans strongly object to weddings taking place in the month of May, an objection which is very prevalent among Christian nations, owing to it being the month of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

In some parts of England after the bridal couple have left the house the cook goes to the front door and solemnly pours some hot water over the threshold, to keep it warm for another bride.

Few people know the origin of throwing the slipper after the bridal pair. It dates from the reign of Louis XIII. of France. On the occasion of his marriage, the young monarch was passing back to the palace after the ceremony when an old woman took off her shoe, and flinging it at the Royal coach called out, "'Tis all I have Your Majesty, but may the blessings of God go with it."

As for Swiss maidens they will permit no one, not even their parents, to kiss them on the lips on their wedding-day.

In many places it is the fashion for the bride immediately after the ceremony to fling her bouquet among her maiden friends. The one who succeeds in catching it is destined to be the next bride.

LAST SET OF FINGER-PRINTS.

Great Finger-Print Competition.

First Prize, £5; Six Gramophones.

Below you will find the twelfth and last set of finger-prints. What you have to do is to study carefully the lines in the impressions, and see if you can discover that the same finger-print is used twice or more times during the course of the competition.

As you will see, each of the impressions is numbered. Your task is to find as many repeated impressions as possible, the winner of the first prize being the reader who succeeds in discovering correctly the largest number of repeated impressions. The remaining prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion.

It must be distinctly understood that the repeated impressions have not always appeared together in the same week's set of impressions—that is to say, that finger-print No. 1 may possibly be the exact counterpart of finger-print No. 72. Or there may be even three or more impressions reproduced of the same finger or thumb.

67. 68.

71. 72.

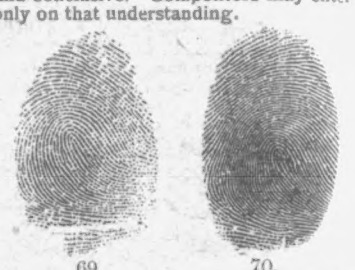
HOW COMPETITORS MUST SEND IN THEIR ATTEMPTS.

Having discovered to the best of your ability which are the repeated impressions—that is to say, which of the impressions reproduced in the paper have been taken from the same finger or thumb—write the numbers printed underneath each of these repeated impressions on a sheet of paper thus:

No. ..... No. ..... No. ..... are the same
No. ..... No. ..... are the same
and so on.

Each list of numbers denoting a printed impression of the same finger or thumb must have a line to itself on the paper, so that there be no mistake as to which set of numbers composes the repeated impressions. All figures must be plainly and boldly written. Then pin a set of the twelve coupons which have appeared with the finger-prints to your list of numbers and forward the attempt in an envelope to F.P., "Penny Illustrated Paper," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., to arrive not later than Saturday, September 30.

The published decision will be final and conclusive. Competitors may enter only on that understanding.



69. 70.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"P.I.P." September 9, 1905.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

The world seems very full of problems nowadays! I notice that a French paper has lately been discussing the question whether a woman should be wise, pretty, or good, the answers to be given from the opinions of famous men, both in the political and the literary world.

Most men would hesitate, whatever their personal and private opinions, upon a frank statement to the effect that a pretty woman was far more desirable than a good one, and the replies are therefore a little monotonous. But the great Napoleon expressed himself very prettily upon the subject. He said: "A pretty woman satisfies the eye, a good woman satisfies the heart. The one is like a piece of jewellery one wears, the other like a treasure one keeps."

Lamartine cloaks a certain amount of criticism under very gracious phraseology. He says: "God has placed a woman's genius in her heart, because all her thoughts spring originally from her emotions." P. J. Stahl says much the same thing as Napoleon, with a touch of bluntness the other has not. "A woman," writes Stahl, "who has only her heart to recommend her is sufficient for all things; a woman who has only a mind is practically good for very little."

If you never stopped to criticise the character of your accustomed greeting, do so at once. It seems a little thing whether one's "Good-morning" or "How d'ye do" is habitually cheery or severe, supercilious or benign, but the difference is as the difference between shade and sunshine to many sensitive people.

The "Good-morning" of some people falls like a benediction. One feels better all day long for the welcome and the heartiness of it. Like the "quality of mercy," such a salutation is "twice blessed," brightening him who gives and him who receives. Again, there is the little grunt of greeting that carries a shiver of resentment with it, the "Good-day" with the interrogative inflection, as though the sincerity of the wish were also questionable; the silent nod, either with or without a pantonimic motion of the lips; the smileless recognition, and other disconcerting methods.

As a rule, the difference is simply a matter of mechanical habit. The courteous intention is the same very often whether the greeting be gracious or chilly. So let your regulation manner of salute be genial and of as personal a nature as possible. Even the most phlegmatic of us are not proof against a tiny momentary glow of satisfaction when the greeting bestowed upon us has the effect of a tribute to our own individuality.

You will have already read, on another page of this issue, an interesting *resumé* of the plot of the "Prodigal Son," which Mr. Hall Caine has written for Drury Lane. It is a marvellous story, based upon the old Biblical legend, and is full of deep insight into the waywardness of human emotions.

At the time when Mr. Hall Caine's book, from which the Drury Lane drama is written, was first published, a very interesting controversy raged around the problems which the story of the "Prodigal Son" presented. The questions of sin and its punishment, and whether we get our deserts in this life, are fascinating topics to discuss, and men and women have argued about them almost since the world began.

It seems to me that two things stand out definitely from among the tangled web of theories and personal opinions which has been spun around the controversy on this engrossing topic. First, then, so far as our material life is concerned, it seems that we do *not* get our deserts. And this, perhaps, for many of us, is just as well. Has not Mr. Barrie pointed out in one of his books that "if we got our deserts, most of us would be knocked on the head with a broomstick," or, as another correspondent puts it, less colloquially, but with equal force: "Does any man who knows himself want his deserts? May God in his mercy spare us from them!"

Secondly, I think that sin, on this earth at any rate, is never forgiven. Either the sinner himself, or his children, or his children's children, must pay in full for the evil which has been done. VALENTIA STEER.

Photo, Clements.

Hide of the horse killed by the bomb thrown at the King of Spain during his visit to Paris. King Alfonso is having it tanned as a souvenir.

Replies in Brief.

MOUNT PLEASANT.—Thanks for your suggestion. I will certainly try and adopt it next season.

ADELAIDE. (Reigate).—To remove stains from velvet wet a piece of rag with a little benzine and lightly touch the spots with it, then wipe with clean rag. Hold the back of the velvet over boiling water or an iron to raise the pile again.

W. E. (Cornwall).—I am sorry that I cannot tell you what is wrong with your vine. I should advise you to write to the editor of one of the gardening papers, telling him your difficulty, and no doubt he will be glad to help you.

ANXIOUS (Kent).—No, I should not advise you to throw up your situation as a carpenter and come to London as a shorthand clerk. The market is greatly overstocked, and unless you are exceptionally clever I should advise you to stick to your carpentering and the 25s. a week.

"PALATINE" (Rainhill).—No doubt the cause of the hams and cheeses going bad is due to the damp state of your larder. The only thing that I can suggest is for you to keep such articles in a damp-proof receptacle.

W. M. B.—Air is better than drugs, and far cheaper, so do not have sleeping-rooms lower than the first floor, and choose those that are large and airy. The modern system of flats has much to recommend it, but never, for choice, inhabit one on the ground-floor, for, bear in mind that pure air is far more efficacious than medicine, and more of it is obtainable on or above the first floor than below that level.

R. H. (Chelmsford).—I think you will find that the following suggestion relieves you of the feeling of tired and aching feet after standing for long at your work. Provide yourself with a pad made of several thicknesses of old cloth, flannel, etc., covered with old carpet or canvas, and make it an oblong shape, and provide it with a loop to hang it up by. Stand on this pad whenever possible, and it will rest the feet greatly.

F. T. (Redruth).—If you could get witnesses to prove that the man did kill your cat, you might sue him for the value of it, or summons him for cruelty to animals. If you apply at a police court, the magistrate will no doubt advise you as to what is best to do. A cat can certainly not be killed with impunity, even if it is in the habit of doing damage; the owner must be warned before such an extreme measure is resorted to.

R. A. (Ryde).—To pickle plums take 8lb. plums, one quart vinegar, ½oz. cinnamon, 1oz. cloves, 2lb. sugar. Boil vinegar, sugar, cinnamon, and cloves together for two or three minutes, then put in the plums (just as many as the syrup will cover). When the skins begin to crack, lay the plums on a dish to cool. Then let the syrup simmer for five minutes, strain, and when quite cold put into jars and tie down. By following these directions I feel sure you will be delighted at the result.

W. E. (Telford).—I should not advise you to throw up your present situation for fashion sketching until you know if you are likely to succeed at it. Such work requires a special talent, and there are a great many already in the field. Why not try sending a few sketches to the fashion papers and the large millinery establishments in the West End? If you find you attain any success, you might feel justified then in giving up your whole time to it. You have my best wishes for success.

"JOSIAH."—A student's text book of Esperanto, by P. C. O'Connor, B.A., giving full explanation of the language, may be obtained from the Esperanto Publishing Co. Ltd., 71 High Holborn, price 1s. 3d. post free. This company has also issued a penny pamphlet, giving a very good introduction to Esperanto, which may be purchased at a bookseller's, and is often seen on sale in the streets. Yes, I certainly think the new language will soon be adopted by many nations.

M. B. (London, N.W.).—Here is a good recipe for tomato soup: One quart of stock, 1oz. of butter twelve tomatoes, one onion, two tablespoonfuls of crushed tapioca, pepper, and salt. Melt the butter in a stewpan, add the tomatoes and onion sliced. Cover with the lid, and simmer on the fire ten minutes; add the stock and seasoning, then boil gently until the tomatoes are well cooked. Pass all through a hair sieve. Return the soup into the stewpan, sprinkle in the tapioca, and boil until the tapioca is transparent. A tin of tomatoes will serve.

THE COLISEUM, Charing Cross. THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 6 o'clock Programme is entirely different from that at 3 and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.
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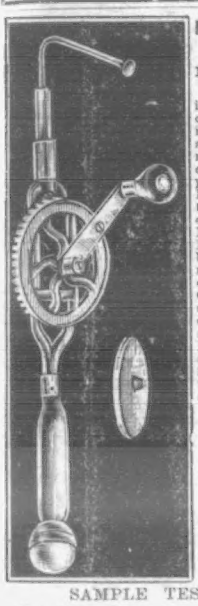

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